

The Outlook

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Prohibition and Performance

THE twenty-four district prohibition administrators provided for under the Andrews reorganization plan are to be supreme, each in his own district. If there was any doubt of this fact, it was removed by the recent order issued by Commissioner of Internal Revenue Blair and approved, for modesty's sake perhaps, not by Assistant Secretary Andrews, but by Assistant Secretary Dewey. This order places on the district administrators practically all of the important duties heretofore borne by Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Commissioner. Haynes remains nominally as head of the Prohibition Unit, but district administrators will not be required to ask his advice as to what they intend to do or his approval of what they have done.

Thus there will be no iron-bound rules governing all district administrators. In a general way, each administrator is left free to enforce prohibition in whatever manner it can be best enforced in his particular territory. Competent and trustworthy men are to be placed in charge and then left free to get results in their own way. Formula is demoted. Performance is promoted. And this is an encouraging first long step toward real enforcement of the Prohibition Law.

Enough duties are left to Commissioner Haynes, doubtless, to keep him busy as a part of a busy machine. District administrators will be required to report to him on a single phase of their work—that of withdrawals of alcohol in their districts. Haynes will continue to perform some routine duties in Washington, and he will become, in addition, a sort of traveling inspector of conditions, reporting to General Andrews on the various administration districts and from General Andrews to those districts on such matters as require uniformity of practice.

Autocrats of the Highway

A PROMINENT international newspaper correspondent said in a radio talk some time ago that, while many things in European and American governmental affairs interested him tremen-

dously, the matter of supreme interest to him was whether or not his daughter would get home from school without being run over by an automobile. Practically every resident of the larger American cities must have had the same feeling, and that not fleetingly but pretty constantly. For the automobile, essential as it is to the transaction of business, is an ever-present danger to the life and health of the individual. And almost every American citizen has thought of something that could be done to lessen the danger. A New Yorker, for instance, who does a great deal of driving has noted the too common reliance on the horn to make pedestrians jump out of the way of the motor car, and gives it as his opinion that the number of accidents would be greatly reduced if there were a regulation requiring every automobile driver to install a coin box on his horn and to drop a coin into it before the horn could be blown.

Remedies of this sort, while undoubtedly they would be effective, present difficulties. Every citizen who thinks of such remedies must be gratified, however, by the fact that a great deal is doing in an organized way to hit upon those expedients that will make accidents less easy of occurrence. The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, recently in session at Atlantic City, made a number of proposals, some of which might prove practicable and make life safer on the streets of American cities.

The Committee on Causes of Accidents proposed the establishment of a series of psychological tests for all automobile drivers before licenses are issued to them. Dr. Walter F. Bingham, of New York, chairman of the Committee, said that in this way the prone-to-accident group of drivers would be eliminated, and he cited statistics to prove that this group is responsible for more than ninety per cent of all accidents. A system of uniform speed limits was proposed also.

While the delinquencies of drivers are responsible for nearly all accidents, the Conference was of the opinion that highway authorities are in a measure respon-

sible for the state of mind which causes many drivers to run into accidents. The placing of danger signs at mild curves and other points where there is no real danger, Dr. Bingham said, creates a tendency in most motorists to have small regard for all signs. The truth and nothing but the truth ought to be told in information on conditions of the road.

It was pointed out, too, that a considerable percentage of accidents is caused by too great insistence on their rights by some drivers. This condition probably cannot be cured by any regulation. The only apparent remedy is for drivers to contemplate the fact that there are better epitaphs than "Here Lies John Smith—He Had the Right of Way."

Gompers Vindicated

THE Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor makes haste to proclaim that its first venture into the field of political party affiliation was its last. Though no National election is to be held for almost a year and a half and no Presidential election for almost three years and a half, the Council declares its conviction that "the launching of third party movements has been proved wasted effort and injurious," and that labor to be successful must pursue a non-partisan political policy.

The American Federation of Labor learned this lesson last year—and paid quite dearly for it. The long-standing policy was abandoned and indorsement was made of the La Follette candidacy. Those who succeeded in having this done believed that labor would constitute the backbone of a third party of real importance in the affairs of the Nation. Indeed, the indorsement of La Follette was looked upon as the beginning of a Labor Party in the United States similar to the Labor Parties of Europe.

The election proved that American citizens will not be delivered in mass, even by commitment of an organization that they trust as much as union labor trusts the Federation. Members of the American Federation of Labor voted much as they would have voted if there had been no commitment—some for

Coolidge, some for Davis, some for La Follette. The organization had the humiliation of public demonstration that it could not control its members in the matter of voting for a President.

This did not, however, show any lack of confidence on the part of the members in the wisdom of the Federation on matters which they regard as the Federation's business. It simply showed the unwisdom of those leaders who forced the indorsement of La Follette.

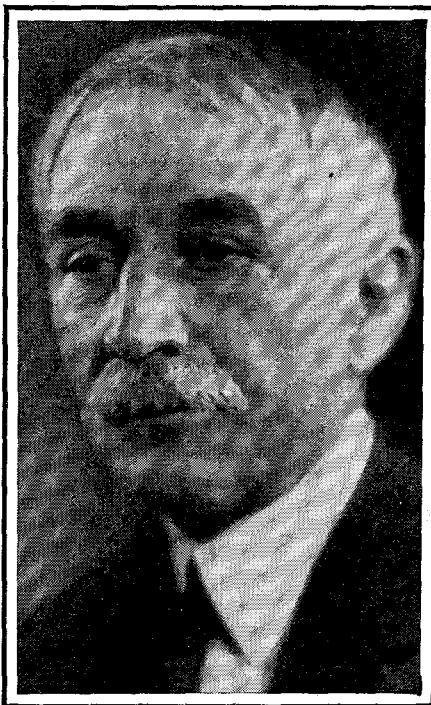
Samuel Gompers, the genius of the Federation, had always stood for a non-partisan policy and had maintained it up to this time. He was overridden in the last year that he was to serve as President, the last year of his life. But the triumph of his enemies was short-lived. The Gompers policy is, perhaps, more strongly established now than ever before—possibly more strongly established than it would have been if the old war horse had lived.

The Truce in the English Coal War

WHETHER subsidy or subvention is chosen as the word to describe the money support to be given to the coal industry by the British Government, the result of the settlement made by the Prime Minister is admittedly a temporary expedient. It will tide the crisis over from August to May—and it will cost the taxpayers a pretty penny! Lloyd George calls it “a very successful hold-up of the community,” and puts the cost at £20,000,000, but Lloyd George out of office is a political and personal pessimist. It is asked also whether the other basic industries now in a bad state may not with equal force claim a subsidy.

The coal situation in England is quite different from either the hard or soft coal situation in America. It is, to be sure, like our soft-coal trouble in that the production and market are “shot to pieces,” but it is unlike it in that the miners in England are completely organized and have powerful allies in other industrial unions. Between the war basis of the English unions and that of our anthracite miners the contrast is great; the English miners can have no enormous war chest, for we learn from The Outlook's editorial correspondent abroad that “considerably over 300,000 miners are now idle—that is to say, about one miner in four—while half the whole num-

ber earn less than forty shillings (\$10) apiece a week.” Our anthracite miners, on the contrary, have had (say what they will) a good year; their emergency funds are big; they do not much mind having a fall vacation, for they know that, even so, they can mine all the 90,000,000 tons or so the industry produces annually; and they argue that an anthracite strike might help the unionizing of soft-coal miners. So, too, our anthracite owners, “coal railway” stockholders, and wholesalers are not exactly desperate because of small profits and



Wide World Photos

Edgar Addison Bancroft

small demand, while the English capitalists are.

Aid from the taxpayer is not a novelty in the English coal industry; it pervaded the agreement in the spring of 1924, but its application was complicated and based largely on increased surplus and profits that have not come into being. The present plan is that wages shall continue on the 1925 basis, and that when in any district the wages (as figured at the ratio between profit and wages set by the previous contract) fall below a certain minimum, the Government shall give the difference to the miners.

In an article in the London “Times” Dr. Arthur Shadwell speaks of the persistence and recent recrudescence of unemployment in England and comments: “There is no facile remedy for the present ills, and no Government can do much. The root cause, as the ‘Times’

said in its leading article on the debate in the House of Commons, is the destruction of wealth by war—wealth gradually accumulated during many decades by work and saving. It can be restored only by the same process, which needs time as well as sustained effort and sacrifice, and would need them all under any system. To pretend that there is any other real cure is mere political quackery.”

Ambassador and Friend

ALTHOUGH the death of Edgar Addison Bancroft, our Ambassador to Japan, occurred within less than a year of his appointment to that important diplomatic post, he had gained the respect and friendly regard of the people and Government of Japan. This is evident from the expressions of Viscount Kato, the Premier, and Baron Shidehara, Foreign Minister, as cabled to America.

Thus the Premier remarks, “He worked body and soul for the promotion of the traditional American-Japanese friendship.” Even stronger was the tribute of the Foreign Minister: “During his services here he not only endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by his sympathy, enthusiasm, and readiness to accept other points of view than his own, but he won universal respect by the clearness of his mind and the steadiness of his purpose.”

These are not the perfunctory phrases of diplomacy, but obviously are spontaneous and sincere. Mr. Bancroft succeeded Mr. Cyrus Woods, who resigned soon after Japan had been irritated by its interpretation of the attitude of our revised immigration legislation toward Japan. In this difficult state of relations he convinced the Japanese leaders of his friendly purpose and gained their confidence.

Mr. Bancroft had never held public office in this country. He had, however, a long record of interest and service in public affairs. As a lawyer he took a prominent part in bringing to an end the dangerous Pullman strike and railway boycott of 1894 in Chicago and in securing injunction and contempt proceedings against Debs. After the Chicago race riots of 1919 he was made chairman of the Race Commission appointed by Governor Lowden, consisting of six whites and six Negroes, and he had a large share in drawing up a remarkable report which has well been called an authoritative work on race prejudice and

Set whole realms on fire

(Timon of Athens, Act III, Scene 3)

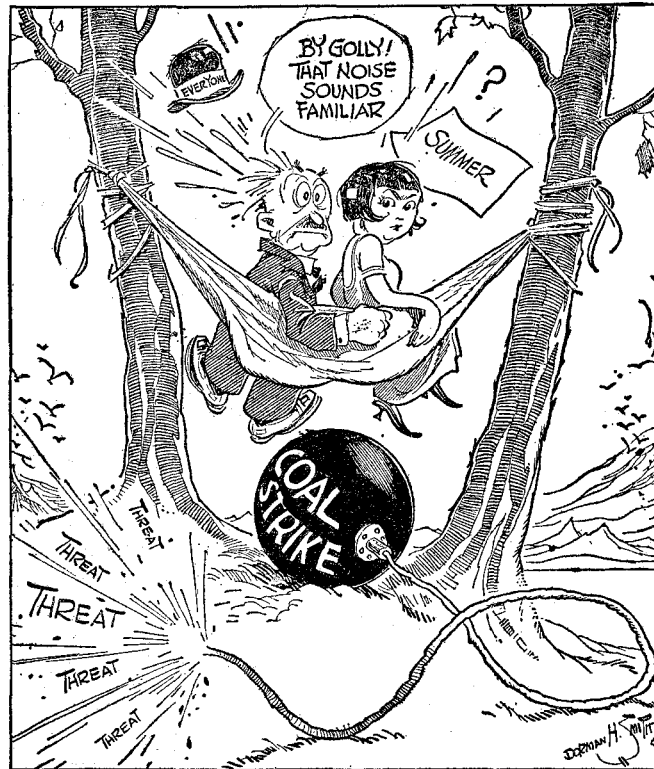
Cargill in the Oregon Statesman



He doesn't know it but he's the reason why

From Miss Esther M. Bell, Salem, Oregon

Dorman H. Smith in the Kansas City Journal



The party's ruined unless it's a dud

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

Orr in the Buffalo Express



Reg. U. S. Patent Office. (C) 1925, The Chicago Tribune

Loaded!

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

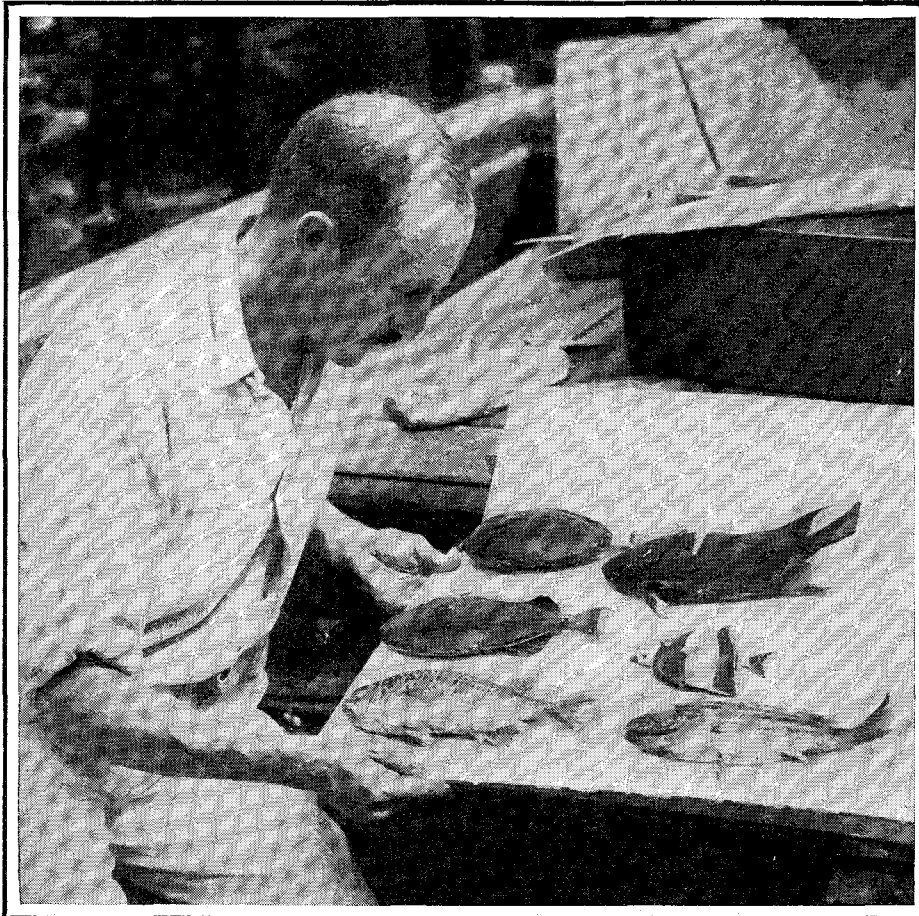
Winsor McCay in the Kansas City Star



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The worst is yet to come

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas



International

Rare Colored Fish

Dwight Franklin, artist of the Beebe expedition, and some of the sea wonders

race relations. He also did much toward getting better Civil Service laws for his State.

Theoretically the ideal ambassador should be a man of many years' diplomatic training who speaks fluently the language of the people to whom he is sent; this is not always possible. Mr. Bancroft's temperament and civic experience admirably fitted him for a delicate and responsible position.

The Anti-Crime Wave

It is easier to speculate as to causes for the prevalence of crimes of violence in this country than to find remedies. Richard Washburn Child, former American Ambassador to Italy, in the first of a series of articles in the "Saturday Evening Post," says that one foreign Prime Minister remarked to him, "With your passion to make laws, with your hunger to remake humanity by statute, how extraordinary to discover that you fail to abide by law or enforce law!" But the nearest that Mr. Child comes to a remedy is to lament "the ignorance and lethargy of the American people" and to urge that they act in concert for respect and enforcement of law.

This is sound doctrine, but in view of such facts as that Chicago has had an average of one murder a day this year; that it had in 1921 about three cases a day of robbery with a gun; that the annual crime cost in the United States, according to a New York Police Department report, was three times the National Budget in 1923; that Middle West bankers have been offering a reward of \$2,500 each for dead bandits; that there is an astonishing adverse balance against this country as compared with England, Australia, and some other countries in the ratio of murderers convicted as compared with murders committed; and that the methods of big business have been adopted systematically by capitalized bands of fur burglars, blackmailers, and rum-runners—in view, in short, of crime statistics that would fill pages of this paper, it seems time to do something concrete about this disgrace.

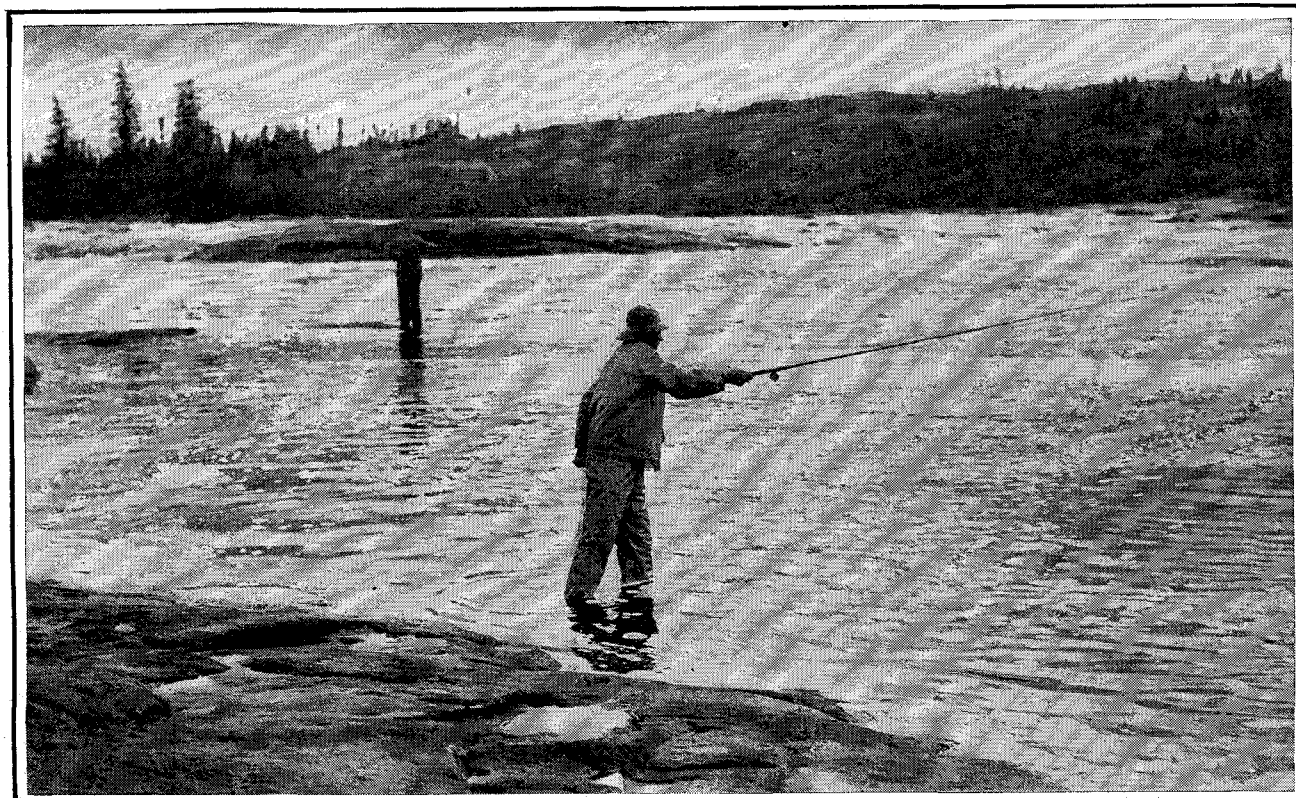
A beginning that promises well has been made in the formation of the National Crime Commission. Judge Gary, Governor Smith, and Theodore Roosevelt are interested approvers of the new organization. Definite plans will be discussed and a careful survey made of

causes, effects, penal methods, responsibility as between State, city, and Federal power, and in time results will take definite shape. It is not exactly a case for thoughtless or rapid action, yet one would almost like to repeat Joseph Choate's remark in the earlier war days when in a speech he turned toward Washington, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, please hurry up!"

Bryan's Posthumous Speech

IF mankind were limited to a choice between the dogma of Darrow and the dogma of Bryan, the great majority would doubtless follow Bryan. In that they would be acting in accordance with sound instinct. On the one hand is a doctrine that the world is a mere mechanism in which there is no such thing as choice between good and evil, no responsibility for conduct, no place for a free spirit either human or divine. On the other hand is a doctrine that the world is the product of the fiat of an arbitrary but benevolent God who makes laws of nature and of moral conduct as an Eastern despot makes his decrees, but can break them when he wishes, and by breaking them give evidence of his presence in the universe. One is a doctrine that renders man both impotent and hopeless. The other is a doctrine that at least gives room for hope and power.

It is the contrast between these two doctrines that Mr. Bryan set forth in the speech he had hoped to give at the Dayton trial, but left undelivered. Published posthumously, this speech has probably had a greater effect than it would have had if Mr. Bryan had delivered it in person. In the first place, it has been removed from the show-room atmosphere of Dayton and has been enveloped in solemnity by association with the death of its author. It has the distinction of being Mr. Bryan's last public utterance. Many readers of this speech who read no farther than the first half of it will naturally be depressed by the evidence it affords of Mr. Bryan's aloofness from the modern world of ideas. There is ample indication that Mr. Bryan had no understanding of the attitude of the pure scientist and no real acquaintance with any science. His quotations from Darwin, for example, are such as might have been taken from a scrap-book. But the latter half of his speech is much more effective; for in that he deals with questions that concern the springs of conduct



(C) National Geographic Society

Members of the MacMillan expedition take a last try at the foam-flecked rivers of Labrador before starting for the Arctic

common to all mankind. His account of Mr. Darrow's philosophy, as Mr. Darrow himself expressed it in the course of his defense of the two young murderers, Loeb and Leopold, is one that ought to be widely read and considered. His condemnation of it will be approved by all except those who in the name of intellectualism are ready to accept dogmas so long as they are offered not in the name of theology but in the name of science.

Mr. Bryan's fallacy in this lies in his assumption that the acceptance of evolution as a law of the universe is equivalent to the acceptance of a purely mechanistic philosophy. The harm that Mr. Bryan's teaching does is to confirm the less thoughtful in the view that the scientific spirit is incompatible with reverence and faith. Mr. Bryan's speech, so far as it confirms that view, will not serve the cause of Christianity, which he had undertaken to defend. When the Church has attempted to withstand or discourage the efforts of men to search for the truth without bias and without fear, she has suffered. There is no promise which the Church has neglected more than that of her Master: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The Wonders of the Deep

IF Columbus and Beebe could have swapped luck, both would have been pleased: Columbus tried for weeks to get

out of the Sargasso Sea; Beebe tried in vain to get into it; it would blow away from him.

The cold Humboldt Current was also elusive; it is supposed to spend the summer off the west coast of South America, but it didn't meet the *Arcturus* there or off the Galapagos. On the other hand, the Galapagos, always a source of joy, developed an electric static such as never was before on land or sea, and thereby cut off the explorers' wireless for weeks.

But the *Arcturus* sailed into New York Bay the other day, after a 12,000-mile voyage and eighteen crossings of the equator, with many tons of wonders of the deep, such as luminous jellyfish, transparent eels, snails with wings, and with the story of a fight with a great eagle ray weighing 2,400 pounds and measuring eighteen feet across—a fish story that would make Beebe eligible to Don Marquis's little fishermen's club of Noah, Jonah, and Captain John Smith, if only Beebe's tale had not the disadvantage of being exact truth.

In short, the voyage of the *Arcturus* brought back material enough to rejoice the hearts of zoologists, biologists, microscopists, and museum visitors for years. Certainly it fully justified the New York Zoological Society for its generous expenditure of money and skill in the cause of science and rewarded the explorers for

the hard work and special knowledge they contributed to make the expedition a success.

One of the most prolific fields of discovery of submarine life was found by the *Arcturus* within a hundred miles of the Battery. It is well named the Hudson Terminal by Mr. Beebe, for there, he says, the Hudson, some two million years ago, emptied into the Atlantic through a gorge and a waterfall some nine hundred feet high. It has moved some distance uptown since then!

As soon as we have finished William Beebe's "Jungle Days" we shall be eager to begin his story of deep-sea plunder.

At Etah

NEWs came by radio under date of August 1 that the MacMillan expedition had arrived at Etah, in Greenland. This is the sea base of the expedition; there the airplanes will be set up, tested, and used as carriers to establish the flying and supply base at Cape Hubbard. These Navy planes will traverse in several different flights and in radiating courses the great unknown ice and (perhaps) land fields.

The Peary and the Bowdoin had a strenuous six weeks' voyage between Wiscasset, Maine, and Etah Harbor. Melville Bay, crossed on this voyage, is traditionally given to sudden storms,

fogs, and monster icebergs, and this summer has verified its reputation. All the more convincing was the evidence of the stanchness of the ships.

The latest messages indicate activity, enjoyment, and enthusiasm among the explorers. Some of our readers have possibly heard MacMillan talk over the radio, and it is hoped that he may get some of his Eskimo friends (most of those at Etah have never heard a radio or seen an airplane) to favor us in our homes with native chants and his sailors with their chanteys.

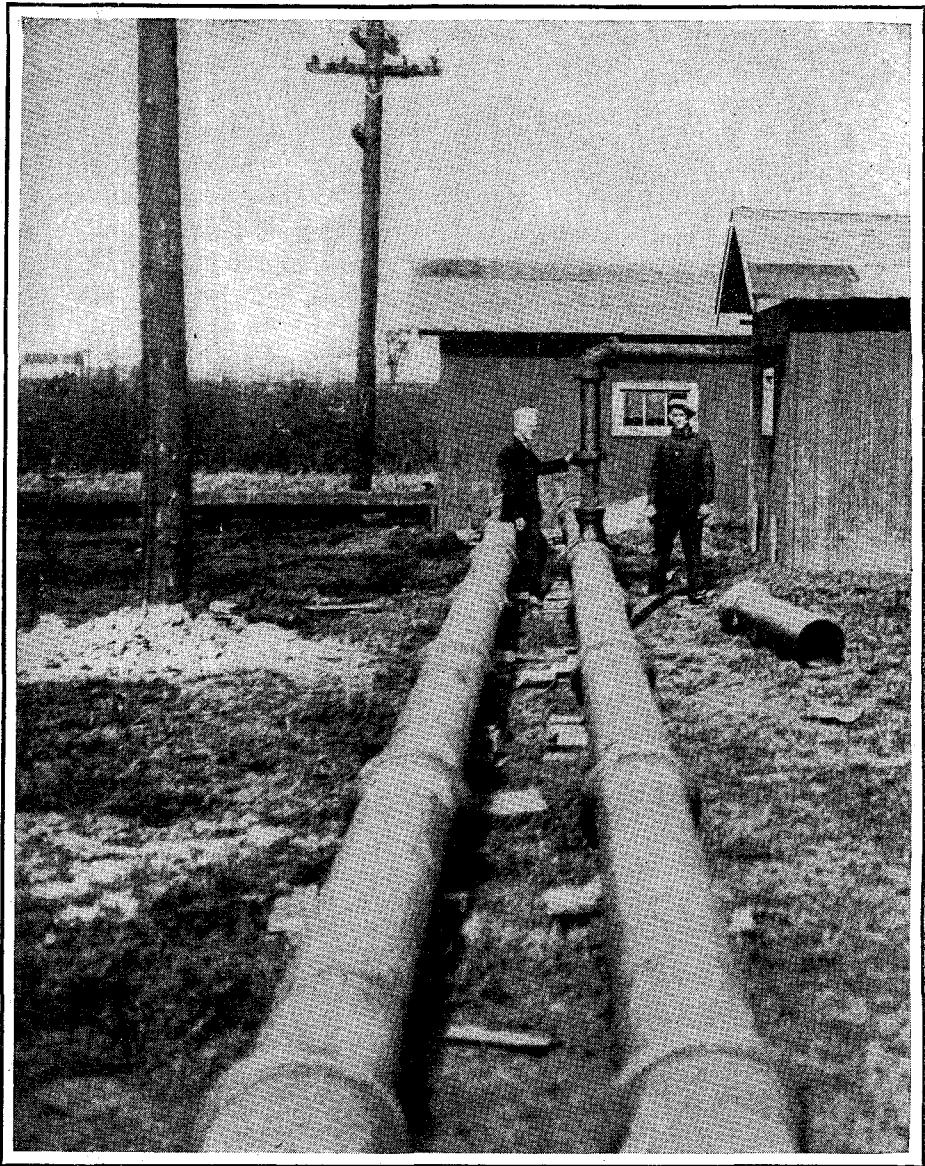
It is one of the cheerful things about this well-planned exploration that we may hear what has happened almost as soon as it does happen.

Two to One— In Favor of Einstein

WITHIN the past few months the Einstein theory, which upsets so many ultimate considerations in science, yet, peculiarly does science so little practical harm, has received two supporting tests and one strong setback. The Michelson-Gale pipe experiment, near Chicago, resulted practically in favor of relativity. The spectroscopic shift of light coming from a peculiar star known as the "companion of Sirius" wholly favors it. But the ether-drift experiments made by Professor Dayton Miller on Mount Wilson in California oppose it in an absolute manner if they were accurate.

We have seen about a score of magazine articles on these results, printed in a few weeks from various scientific journals, and the feeling we get after digesting them is that the Einstein theory has been helped—if one's judgment is based alone on numbers. Articles by champions of Einsteinism are optimistically captioned, and imply at least that the new philosophy is gaining ground. In such a dilemma should the public allow a mere handful—an insignificant minority—of specialists, not more, in fact, than one in 200,000 of our population, to dictate what we shall believe? Should we not pass a law forbidding the Einstein theory to be true—or untrue?

By racing two rays of light in opposite directions within and around a rectangle of air-exhausted iron pipe, which itself perforce moves in or through space as the earth to which it is affixed revolves, and finding by direct observation that these racing beams do not return to their source together but are differentially



Wide World Photos

The Michelson-Gale Pipe Experiment

Part of two rectangles of pipe 6,000 feet in perimeter. The second pipe is merely a check on the first. As the earth rotates in the ether the ray of light in the pipe is affected more in the side of the rectangle toward the equator than in that nearer the poles, which moves on a shorter radius

retarded by the earth's revolution in space, Professors Michelson and Gale have apparently eliminated the previous possibility that the earth drags the ether along with it. According to this experiment, we are to conclude that there is either no ether or that, if there is, it is not entrained by the moving earth, and thus accords with the Einstein theory.

Light coming from a star known as the companion of Sirius, a star known to be composed of matter popularly termed extremely "heavy," should show certain distinct modifications if the Einstein theory is true. Recent tests reveal these modifications. Vindication number two—in this case a strong vindication.

One Score Against Einstein

ELABORATE experiments made by Professor Dayton Miller at Mount Wilson seem to show that the ether

is dragged along by the earth as it moves through space and that the amount of drag varies as you climb farther up from the earth's face. This setback the Einstein champions are apparently able to explain away as the result of "some subtle systematic error" in the experiment, which, however, was extremely painstaking.

If the majority rules in science, relativity wins.

Probably the relativists are right. Probably. Taken as a body, however, scientists, unless especially committed to some belief, are more cautious than to make final decision on even these elaborate tests, and most of them are calmly sitting back for another ten or twenty years to wait and see more facts. It is not that they are scornful of relativity—far from it; with a few exceptions, they now treat it very seriously, and there is

a pretty strong undercurrent of belief that when the final results are in we shall all be relativists. But it may be well to wait until such a time comes.

Wheat Becomes Bread More Cheaply

RECKONED at the farm value of wheat in the past four years, a pound of potential flour in the ear has been worth from two to three cents to the man who grew it. A pound of bread, not all flour but partly moisture, has generally cost at least ten cents at retail. When we buy a loaf eight inches long, we pay the farmer for about an inch and a half of the loaf. Who is paid for the rest of it? The flour mill's share represents a slice not quite half an inch thick. Railroads and grain elevators get thinner slices. The wheat pit's share is variable, sometimes pretty substantial, sometimes too thin to butter. The baker's pay represents an astonishingly large portion, about three inches of the loaf. The rest represents largely the cost of retailing, including door delivery and loss of what goes stale on the shelf.

It would be a fine thing if the Government or any one else could find a sound and just means of cutting the wheat pit's slice thinner. But it might mean more to the consumer if the thick slab representing the cost of baking could be even moderately reduced.

As it happens, a great change in the baking industry, tending precisely to the reduction of this item in the loaf cost, has been going on for several years. In 1914 some 26,000 baking establishments supplied the country with bread valued at less than half a billion dollars. In 1921 the number of baking establishments had fallen to somewhat over 20,000, but they supplied bread and similar edibles worth nearly \$1,100,000,000. Bread was higher, naturally, in 1921, but the fewer baking establishments of that year were turning out twenty-five per cent more bread than the more numerous bakers of 1914.

The baking industry in 1921 was in course of consolidation. Consolidation has proceeded ever since. It has reached the point where the big baking concern uses millions of dollars of machinery and buys flour by the train-load. The intermediate costs between wheat farmer and bread-eater are being cut in their largest item. Both farmer and bread-eater should benefit.

The Fruit of a False Ideal

THE pall of tragedy hangs heavy over the frontiers of Europe. Under its shadow lurk fear, hatred, and despair. In its shadow families are being driven from their ancient homes, broken from the traditions of their fathers, and sent forth to find an abiding-place in strange lands. Along the borders of Poland, in the hills where Greeks and Bulgars meet, and where the Crescent rises above the Cross there is such weeping as has echoed down the centuries of Continental history. Strangely enough, the grief is not wholly of European making. It is fruit, in part, of a principle put forward as an American ideal during the Conference that was to bring peace to the warring nations.

In those days of tumult and shouting Americans went to Paris with maps and rules and colored pins to demonstrate their plan for the remaking of Europe on the principle that the peoples of the Continent should have "self-determination." They studied cultures and languages and declared that such a people must live in this pigeonhole and such a people in that. They asked that frontiers be drawn so that, so far as possible, each cultural unit should have a home unto itself. Where there was doubt, plebiscites were to determine the boundaries and the majority was to rule. Of course the plans were drawn up with due regard for the strength of the nations involved. The Italian frontier was rectified so as to include many of a stock alien to the people of the peninsula. Force is sometimes stronger than theory. Where possible, however, culture and language were made the controlling factor in the rectification of territory. The plan which the Americans proposed seemed plausible; it received the blessing of those who took unto themselves a proprietary right to the title of liberal.

Since that day we have seen the stricken hordes of refugees along the shores of Greece. We have seen minorities in Turkish territory held in absolute subjection. To-day the soldiers of Greece are advancing to the Bulgarian frontier, and along the Polish border processions of woe are journeying eastward and westward in search for homes where they may live in peace and tolerance.

The liberalism of such an ideal seems a hollow pretense in the face of the facts.

In this land of ours, where we ask only that our citizens be capable of ultimate biological amalgamation, the liberalism of 1919 appears strangely like the conservatism of forgotten centuries. America, with all its faults, recognizes the democratic truth that race, creed, and culture are of secondary importance in the test of citizenship. The American ideal proclaims that citizenship and political rights are the inalienable prerogative of manhood and womanhood. We falter sometimes in the fulfillment of this ideal; nevertheless it remains as an incalculably powerful bond between the diverse races and the diverse cultures that have gone to the making of America. We recognize the right of the majority to rule, but we recognize also that minorities have rights which majorities must be zealous to preserve.

There will be no hope of freeing Europe from the tragic caravans of exiles that have traversed her valleys and struggled over her hills from time immemorial until she returns to the ancient ideal which Rome glimpsed and lost and which has been the strength and power and glory of America.

"In My Father's House"

LIFE is a many-chambered mystery. It is a mansion whose foundations no mortal thought may plumb. It is an abode whose high battlements "trouble the gold gateways to the stars." Its farthest corridors have never echoed to the footfalls of our race. The cavernous confines of its high halls send back no echo to the human voice.

In this mansion we dwell and have our being. By it multitudinous hearthstones we warm ourselves before inextinguishable fires. Whence came those fires or how the topless bastions grew is not for many of us to question. Sufficient that in the walls our fathers knew and by the flames that lighted their brief days we build our triumphs and despairs, and that we know love, hate, war and peace, fulfillment and denial.

Some there are among us born to a different fate. It is their destiny to wonder and explore. They creep out of the circles of their ancestral fires. They venture forth into the darkness. They set their feet upon strange paths. Security they leave behind to scale their pygmy pinnacles. They sound for the depths of infinity with reeds woven together by

finite hands. They toss their cloudy torches into the night, and by their momentary flares seek to catch the gleam of unknown battlements and unseen constellations.

Of those who venture forth, only a few return with the dust of eternity upon their garments. Prophets, poets, and seers—they are strangers to the life that gave them birth. Only with the passing of the ages shall the memory of their courage and their vision find its place in the lore and legends of the hearthstones about which men have gathered through the immemorial years. When they are dead and gone, then shall their dreams be blood and bone of our ancient wisdom.

The dwellers by the hearthstone and the far venturers have all parts to play in the mysterious drama that we call Life. There shall be understanding between them on that day when all men know that they cannot know all. When faith is wise enough and brave enough to find comfort in truth and when truth shall look understandingly upon the fires of faith—in that day there shall be patience and peace.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

China in Eruption

PARENTS in too many cases, politicians generally, and the Western Powers almost invariably are indifferent to questions of justice that concern those who are dependent upon them until their neglect proves too costly. Like a fractious child that finally gets the attention of his parents or a threatening constituency that arouses a politician to act, China has been making herself heard by the Western Powers, particularly by Great Britain and the United States, and by Japan. The Shanghai riots and what has followed them cannot be disregarded. Something will have to be done if the anti-foreign movement in China is not to grow into a serious danger.

The first thing for Western nations to do is to try to understand the Chinese mind. To that end we are printing in this issue two articles from China. The first of these two unusual pieces of special correspondence describes the outbreak in Shanghai, and the second describes the mental attitude of the people among whom it occurred.

If, however, the Governments of the Western Powers wait until the peoples of

their nations understand the Chinese before action they will continue the delay that has led to trouble. Indeed, one of the obstacles to action for the removal of causes of friction has been created by the sort of people who think they know China so well that they are dogmatic on the subject. Long residence in the Far East does not necessarily enlighten prejudiced minds. Those who, out of their experience, declare that the only way to get along with the Oriental is to brow-beat him speak out of a knowledge that is almost as dangerous as ignorance. Fortunately, that kind of knowledge of the Far East is becoming discredited.

It should be said on behalf of the Western Powers that they made a great advance when they signed the Nine-Power Treaty at Washington in 1922, and that it has not been easy for nine Powers to act jointly, as has been shown by the long time that it took to have that treaty ratified. A month ago France completed the ratification, and the treaty is now in force. What remains to be done is to put that treaty and other agreements into effect, and that requires a further conference.

It has been argued that no conference with China should be further held until order is restored and secured; but that seems to put the cart before the horse.

The purpose of such a conference would be, in part at least, to provide means for maintaining order in China. At present the dealings of the Powers are with the Central Government at Peking, and yet that Central Government lacks the means for enforcing its will. To delay a conference for backing up the maintenance of order by means of a Central Government until that order is established is absurd on the face of it. It may be necessary to withhold certain concessions to China until the Government at Peking, profiting by other concessions, has proved its power and trustworthiness; but there are certain matters that must be settled by the Powers before the unrest in China can be allayed.

In particular, it is incumbent upon the United States to take a position of leadership. America has a higher interest to maintain than can be expressed in dollars and cents. She has probably in a greater degree than any other nation the confidence of the Chinese, or perhaps it may be better to say that she is the less distrusted by them than any other. American policy should be directed chiefly toward the maintenance of that confidence; and in furthering such a policy the President—who will encounter conflicting interests—should have the support of American public opinion.

A North Dakota Experience

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I SHALL long remember the pleasant little city of Minot, North Dakota. When I first reached it early in July, after a railway journey of nearly two thousand miles from New York, I felt as if I were literally at "the jumping-off place." Passing through it a few days later on my return from Glacier Park, which is some six hundred miles farther west, my feelings were quite different. It had become, from my point of view, a community of hospitable friends and an agreeable center of culture and civilization. Such is the effect upon a provincial from the Atlantic seaboard of a journey into the far Northwest.

The men and women whose lives revolve around New York or Boston or Philadelphia, with an occasional visit to London or Paris or Rome, are lamentably ignorant of the romantic past and

the almost boundless future possibilities of their own country. And when I say this I speak for myself. With every year of my life my admiration for the splendid records of biography and history grows stronger. But the knowledge of human endeavor and achievement derived from books, no matter how loyal and discriminating a reader one may be, is not comparable to the incisive and effective education which is obtainable from personal contacts. No matter how vivid may be the pictures of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England inscribed on the printed pages of history, they are still merely pictures of the dead past. In the great Northwest one may touch shoulders and have converse with living Pilgrim Fathers. At Glacier Park I took supper with a man of western Montana who went out there as a boy more than

half a century ago in a "covered wagon" migration. Sixty families and three hundred single men formed the company of his caravan. There were, of course, no roads and no bridges. When they came to rivers too deep to ford they swam their animals across and ferried their women and children and goods over in the wagon boxes lashed together, two by two, to make boats. Indeed, the wagons were built in such a way that they might serve this very purpose. If, in the long haul across the hot and dusty plains, the wagon boxes became warped so that the seams opened a little, they were soaked overnight at the edge of the streams in order to make them watertight for the short but often perilous voyages. The destination of the caravan was a rough and almost unknown mining camp, Helena, which has now become the capital of the State, a center of political, educational, commercial, and social life. As I talked with this gentleman it seemed almost incredible that I was talking with one who had heard with terror of Indians on the war-path and who had suffered with thirst and hunger much as Columbus did. This living pioneer is now Librarian of the Historical Society of Montana.

But to return to Minot. My visit to this lively little city was made as a pseudo-historian. I was a guest—although I regret to say that my limited historical scholarship did not entitle me to the courtesy—of "the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition," organized by Mr. Ralph Budd, President of the Great Northern Railway, in co-operation with the historical societies and the Governors of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana. I shall have something more to say about this unique expedition in a later article. The main purpose of the expedition was to awaken public interest in the dramatic achievements of certain great explorers of the Northwest, such as sieur de La Verendrye, the Frenchman; David Thompson, the Englishman; and Meriwether Lewis and John F. Stevens, the Americans; and to dedicate appropriate memorials in their honor. The expedition traveled, not in "covered wagons" and along rough and faintly marked trails, but in a perfectly appointed special train on the modern steel highway of the Great Northern.

The first official stop of the special train was made at the little hamlet of Verendrye, a little town named in honor

of a big man. We stopped at the roadside, as it were, and in a little green park prepared on the rolling plains stood a great granite globe, six feet in diameter, marked with meridian lines and bearing on its base the name of David Thompson, the astronomer and geographer who explored that region of Dakota for two of the great commercial associations of fur traders in 1799–1805. David Thompson was born in London in 1770, received his "book-learning" at Christ's Hospital, the famous "Blue-Coat School" where Charles Lamb was a pupil in 1782. Lamb and Thompson may possibly have known each other. If so, think of the curious connection between the frontier town of Minot and one of the most sophisticated and gifted of English essayists.

At the dedication of the Thompson granite globe, a most appropriate memorial to a geographer and explorer, I got my first glimpse of Minot. For the dedicatory prayer was offered by a Minot clergyman, the Rev. T. F. Gullixson, who, on inquiry, I found was of Norwegian ancestry and minister of the Lutheran Church of that city. The beauty of language and the spirit of reverence in which this prayer was expressed so impressed us all that I venture to reprint it here:

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Eternal and all-seeing God, beneath whose mighty hand unfolds the history of nations and of peoples, we acknowledge thee and praise thy holy name.

The wilderness trail of the explorer and the wagon train of the pioneer were not hid from thy sight. Thou hast sustained the woodsman hewing for his cabin and his brother breaking at the prairie's sod. Thou hast heard the evening song of the host of pioneer mothers in frontier homes of poverty lulling their babes to sleep and the prayers of little children awed by the vastness of virgin forest and plain. Thou hast established the work of their hands.

The faithfulness of one generation thou hast requited unto the next and lo! we stand in this latest year rich in our heritage.

O God, we thank thee for America! For all who have served thee in giving to us this new "promised land," for those in each generation and every honorable field who fearlessly have pushed forward their endeavors, for the explorers, for the missionaries who with the gospel of the Cross pushed on and witnessed and died, for builders and for leaders, for all the graves of good men and women between here and Plymouth Rock, for the influence

of noble lives wrought into the very fabric of our National life.

Gracious Father, sustain us who have so rich a heritage. Our many transgressions in mercy forgive. Pride and wild pagan tongues, remember them not in the day of reckoning. In our thinking and our doing be the unfolding of that righteousness which exalts both man and nation. In prosperity save us from fatness of soul and in riches from the temptations thereof.

And, dear Lord, when the last night camp of our pilgrimage is made and one by one we stand at the breaks, at the rim-rock of eternity, grant to us faith's sure vision of Him who explored life for us and left the trail of his footprints so plainly in human history, who tasted death for us and mapped the valley of the shadow, who waits to walk with us across the new land—the hills and valleys of eternity.

In the name of our Lord Christ we reverently invoke a blessing upon this occasion and this day. Amen.

Following the dedication there was a farmers' picnic, arranged by the citizens of Verendrye and the Minot Association of Commerce, in a grove of trees below the knoll on which the monument stands. At this picnic I had the pleasure of lunching with Governor Sorlie, sitting opposite to him astride a bench, which we thus used both as a table and a settee. If all the women of North Dakota are as good cooks as the hospitable ladies who served this *al fresco* luncheon, the men of North Dakota are to be congratulated. Governor Sorlie, by the way, in presiding at the Thompson dedication, spoke of himself as "the head of a great public service corporation," and in this capacity welcomed Mr. Budd as "the head of another great public service corporation"—a happy augury, I thought, of the day when partisan factionalism in politics and selfish manipulation in industry shall give way to the spirit of promoting common welfare. Later in the afternoon the people of Minot and the members of the expedition changed places—the Minotians taking the special train and the expeditionists taking the motor cars of the people of Minot. Thus we drove twenty-five miles through the fertile and prosperous-looking farm lands to the little city, where a banquet was given in our honor in the evening at the excellent Leland Hotel.

My automobile host was a young merchant of Minot. When I told him that I had dropped my watch out of my berth on the floor of my compartment of the train, and had knocked off the hour and second hands, which were sliding around

under the unbroken crystal, he volunteered to help me. On reaching Minot we at once went to a perfectly appointed jewelry and silverware shop, which I wish might be moved bodily to New York, and while my host and I were driving through the unique zoölogical garden and the city park, with its most refreshing-looking municipal swimming pool, the proprietor of the jewelry shop

had his watchmaker repair my watch, a valued keepsake, and it has been running perfectly ever since. The most surprising thing about the incident was that the jeweler, as a courtesy to the historical visitors, refused to take any payment for the repairs. If this is the way historians are habitually treated on their expeditions, I ardently wish I were a historian! My watch in the forty-two years that I

have carried it was never so expeditiously or inexpensively or, let me add, so hospitably mended before.

My readers will be as grateful as I am to this Minot jeweler, for I see by my watch, which lies before me as I write, that it is time to stop. I must therefore postpone a continuation of the story of this unique historical expedition until next week.

Drinks, Drugs, and America

By the REV. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY ("WOODBINE WILLIE")

In which a distinguished English clergyman offers both
frank confession and keen observation

I HAVE been asked so often since my return to England from the United States what I thought of prohibition over there, whether it was succeeding or would succeed, whether it seemed to be wise or unwise, and I have been asked the same question so often by my American friends, that I feel I must attempt some sort of an answer. I do so with reluctance. It is a queer business, this prohibition. I never saw a drunken man in America after the first night until I went to look for one. I saw one the night I landed in New York. He was fighting mad, and was being bundled into a taxi by two enormous traffic men. I asked my friend if it were a common sight, and he said he had not seen any one drunk for months. It is indeed a queer business. I know of no issue upon which it is harder to decide definitely one way or the other. I am a total abstainer, and so my bias, if I have one, has to be taken into account on that side.

We English are ridiculous about American prohibition, as we are ridiculous about most things American. We sit up in a state of perfectly satisfied stupidity, and pretend that America does not matter, and that prohibition is more or less an absurdity. This attitude is the result of blank ignorance, as many another typically British attitude is. The enormous power of the drink traffic politically and through elaborate propaganda keeps us in a chronic state of blindness to the havoc that drink has played and is still playing with our national life. According to Professor Marriot, of Oxford, we spent £469,700,000 on drink in 1920. That is £10 per head of the whole population—men, women and children—or £16 16s. per adult (over twenty-one). When you



Courtesy of the "Forum"

The Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy
("Woodbine Willie")

allow for total abstainers and very moderate drinkers, it is evident that there is a very real disease of drink in these islands. Of course, a great part of that immense sum goes to the state in taxation, but, allowing for that, the facts are terrible enough to make our self-satisfaction absurd. If we go behind money to what money means, as we always ought to do, it is obvious that we expend a tremendous amount of energy in providing ourselves with alcohol. Can we afford it? Can we afford it materially or morally? Any man who loves his country, whether he be an abstainer or not, ought to ask himself that question seriously. I never knew the American saloon. I have no facts upon which to estimate the gravity of the evil against which the prohibition movement is a

protest. But it is to the public credit of the American people that they did see the evil and grapple with it. We may think that their methods are mistaken and unsound politically, but they constitute a definite and determined effort to cut a cancer out of the country, and for that reason are entitled to respect and careful consideration.

Any one who has worked as I have in the slums and the shameful areas of our great cities must have gone back home again and again well-nigh broken-hearted by the tragedies which crop up in every mean street due to excessive drinking. One need not be a fanatical total abstainer fiend to feel the horror of it; one only needs to be acquainted with the facts first hand, and not merely through statistics, and to be a reasonably thoughtful person. Many a decent, comfortable moderate drinker who talks glibly and airily about the impracticability of prohibition would alter his tone, if he did not change his opinion, about the necessity of dramatic measures if he were brought into daily contact with the actual facts. In this respect, as in many others, it appears to be necessary that Christ should be crucified afresh in every generation in order to redeem those who have no imagination, and even the re-crucifixion does not seem to penetrate the double protection of stupidity and vested interest.

Ought every thoughtful person, then, to advocate prohibition in England as a matter of practical politics? Does the American experiment make one feel that it is worthy of imitation? Of that I am not sure, in spite of my recognition of the tragic importance of the question. To begin with, it is perfectly evident that any prohibition law is intensely difficult, if not impossible, to enforce unless it

has an overwhelming public opinion behind it. I had not been in America a week before a perfectly respectable and God-fearing citizen asked me if I would like some whisky. I think this was partly due to that amazing hospitality which is one of the most lovable characteristics of American people. My host did not have it on his table or drink it himself, but he hated to think that any guest of his was short of what he wanted. However, there was plenty in the house.

You can always get it if you are rich enough, and you can always get some damnable substitute for it if you are poor and reckless enough. Thereby hangs a tale. From conversations that I had with those who minister to the down-and-outers, "tramps," and "hobos" I gathered that they still got drink in plenty, only now it was poisonous and filthy stuff, which destroyed them body and soul. I went down to what is called the "All Night Mission" in the Bowery, New York, and there I found the same tale to tell. The very poor can be as they like, apparently two ends of society very much alike, an unexpected likeness to one another in every country. The one is to be found above, and the other "below," the laws and conventions, especially in any society in which money is the only test of success or failure. A successful criminal frequently becomes a member of the upper ten, while an unsuccessful one becomes a cipher in the submerged tenth, when from a moral point of view there is not a pick to choose between them, both being pirates and

parasites by nature. Even here it is possible for the same type of woman to become either a peeress or a prostitute. The one helps to get a divorce for the other.

But the main bulk of the American people are neither rich nor poor, but middle class and prosperous, and it is by its effect upon them that any measure like that of prohibition must in the end be judged. And the time for final judgment is not yet, nor can it come until the law has been in force for a generation. At present there seems to be but little sign of America going even "damp," let alone "wet," and if she can stick it for a generation, and we, who are superior to her "mistaken puritanism," can abstain from making money out of her effort, she may justify her rashness yet and compel other nations to follow suit.

The result must be a matter of time, and yet not merely a matter of time. Everything does not come to those who wait; it depends on what they do while they are waiting. The moral result of prohibition is all bound up with this business of substitutes for alcohol. Spirits are themselves always a substitute for the Spirit. Men drink because they believe more or less firmly that alcohol is "the Lord and Giver of Life," and it is Life they want, and must have. They crave a "pick me up." Lord Dawson of Penn says that all total abstainers are "dry" people altogether, and apparently believes that wit is the monopoly of the "wet." It is a melancholy thought. Our dinners must be dull because people are too stupid to talk intelligently unless they are soaked first. There is truth in it, even though it is not true. I do not

believe that men will ever be content to be merely respectable—it is too dull.

I must have God. This life's too dull without,
Too dull for ought but suicide. What's man
To love for else? I'd murder some one just
To see red blood. I'd drink myself blind drunk
And see blue snakes, if I could not look up
To see blue skies, and hear God speaking through
The silence of the stars.

I believe that prohibition will prove impossible in America, or in any other country, unless there comes to the people not merely a moral but a religious revival. It can never be carried through as a measure either of moral or financial expediency, but only by a people that have found something better than either drink or drugs, something that will make life itself worth living. Drink will always be the devil until it becomes the blood of the Living God, until men learn to do as Christ bade them do, and drink to remember, and not to forget, the splendor and sorrow of human life. Until when he has blessed it—

The life divine,
The common wine,
Thrills through the matter of our brains,
Begetting dreams,
And gleams
Of God—swift golden speech
And charity that burns to reach
The very depths of hell,
And lift them to Christ,
Who has our thirsty souls sufficed
Till they are drunk with God.

The Centenary of the Santa Fé Trail

By W. J. GHENT

IT is one hundred and three years since Captain William Becknell, starting from Franklin, Missouri, with twenty men and three wagons, boldly struck out for Santa Fé across the then unknown Cimarron Desert. Out of that adventure came the location of the route generally known as the Cimarron division of the Santa Fé Trail. It will be one hundred years in August since the United States Government gave official recognition to the trail by beginning a survey and by making a treaty with the Osage Indians guaranteeing to the trailsmen an unmolested passage through Osage territory. It is this centenary which the little city of Council Grove, county seat of Morris County, Kansas,

The story of one of the most romantic chapters in the history of the United States

will honor with many ceremonies during the second week of August.

Of the many episodes marking the beginnings of the Trail this one is perhaps as good as any for commemoration. Though its immediate effects were somewhat dubious, it marked the awakening of the Nation to the importance of trade with the Southwest. On August 10,

1825, representatives of the Great Osage and the Little Osage nations met for conference with three United States Commissioners under a great oak, still standing, in a grove on the banks of the Neosho. It was a bower of natural loveliness, still unmarred by all the traffic that had surged through its leafy lanes when, twenty-one years later, Francis Parkman wrote of it as "a scene of striking luxuriance and beauty," with its "broad woods and emerald meadows." On the spot it was christened "Council Grove," and a Government guide is said to have cut the letters on a piece of buffalo hide, which he nailed to a tree. For eight hundred dollars' worth of commodities the somewhat troublesome

Osages promised never more to harry their white brothers while passing along the Trail.

In the main the Osages kept their promise, though for some years unruly members of the tribe continued their depredations. Occasionally also the Pawnees, who seem to have been represented in the council, levied tribute. But there were much more troublesome savages not reached by the treaty—the Comanches, the Kiowas, the Arapahoes, sometimes the Cheyennes, and even the far-straying Apaches and Blackfeet—who roamed farther to the west and south and who continued to molest the travelers until Custer's victory on the Washita, in November, 1868. As for the survey, it amounted to very little. A trail was marked with earth mounds all the way from Fort Osage, on the Missouri, to the Great Bend of the Arkansas, and thence on into Colorado. But it did not, of course, touch the Cimarron route, for that was in Mexican territory. And even where it was so carefully marked the caravans usually avoided it, preferring to follow the wheel-tracks of the pioneers.

It would be hard to guess just what is in most men's minds when they speak or write of the Santa Fé Trail. Perhaps no phase of Western history is so confusedly regarded. A good many persons know that there was a main stem of the Trail from a point on the Missouri to a point on the Arkansas; and doubtless a good many also know that the Trail then forked, the "mountain division" running west and then south along the line now approximately followed by the Santa Fé Railroad, the "Cimarron division" running southwestward across the Oklahoma panhandle and northeastern New Mexico. But to some persons the upper branch was the real Trail, and to other persons the lower. In some writings the two branches are utterly confused; in some, again, one or the other branch is almost wholly ignored. Myth and fiction also crowd the records. For the Santa Fé of early days, though in reality a mean and squalid place, was one of those marvel cities of the imagination, like the capital of Prester John. It was the home of an alien civilization, strange and wonderful, to be reached only by perilous adventure through forbidding deserts roamed by savages. Myths multiplied and found their way in print. The most popular book on the Trail—the one from which most persons have gained their notions of the subject—is a storehouse of these fictions. Modern historical research is rapidly untangling myth from fact and revealing to us the Santa Fé Trail as it was.

The mountain division was of course

quite as much a part of the Trail as was the Cimarron cut-off. It was the older branch; usually it was the safer; in all times it shared to some extent in the traffic, and in particular times, such as that of the Mexican War, the Colorado gold rush (1858–60), the Civil War, and the Indian troubles (1866–8), it was far the more important branch. For the twenty-three years from 1829 to 1852 it had as a stopping-place and haven of refuge the famous trading post, Bent's Fort. A little later it had another Bent's Fort farther down-stream—a post taken over by the Government in 1859 and named Fort Wise, though known to frontiersmen as Fort Lyon; and eight years later it had another Fort Lyon back in the neighborhood of the first Bent's Fort. After 1861 this branch was the Government mail route to New Mexico, and after 1869 it was all that was left of the Santa Fé Trail.

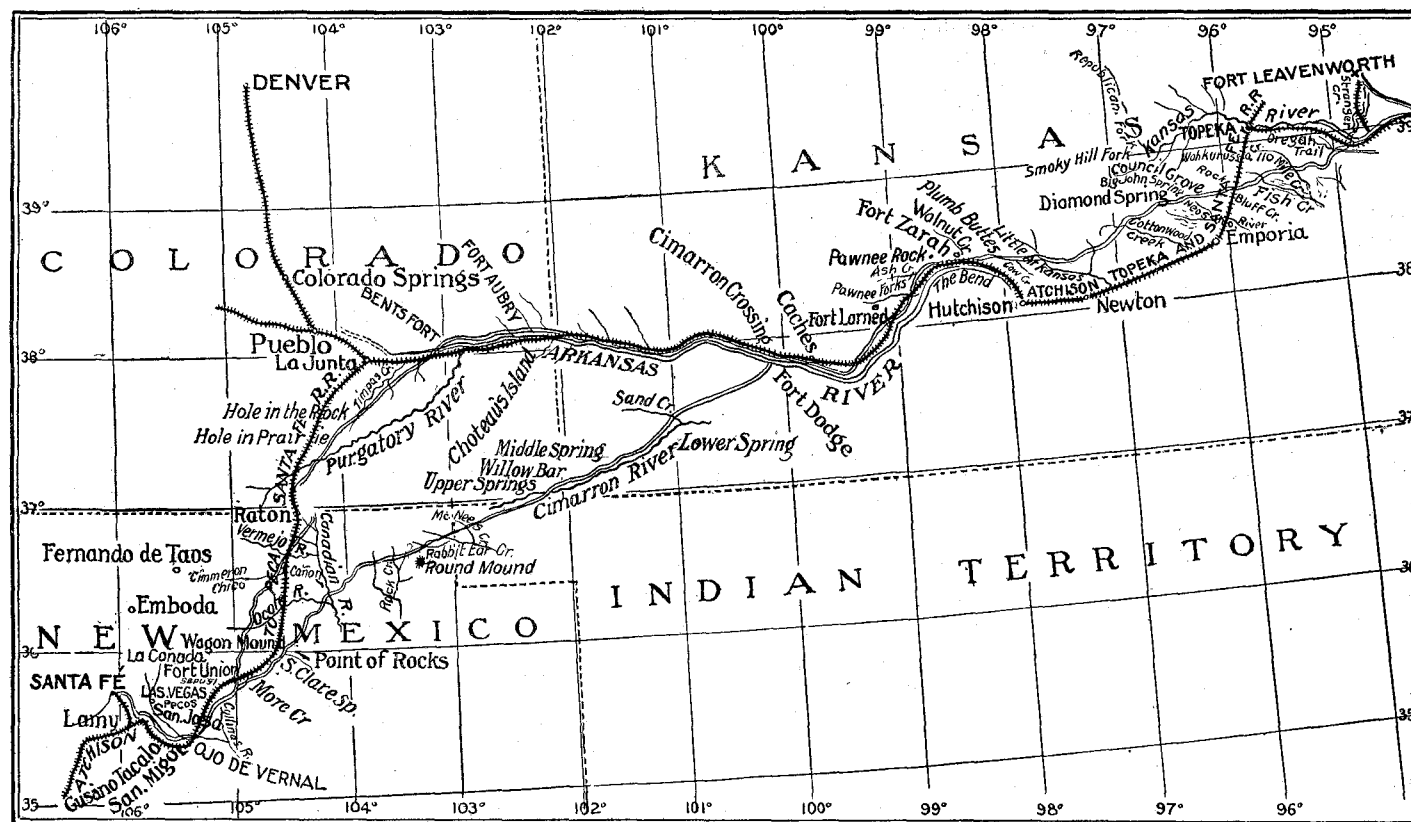
The opening of commerce with Santa Fé, in spite of Spanish prohibitions, had been the purpose of many traders since the purchase of Louisiana. Some went by the Platte, some by the Arkansas, some across country from the lower Mississippi. Those who reached the city (not counting Baptiste La Lande, who went in 1814, became naturalized and remained) were arrested and imprisoned, and they usually suffered the confiscation of their goods. There seems to have been but one exception during the Spanish régime—Louison Baudoin, in the employ of Manuel Lisa and Jacques Clamorgan, who in 1807 made a successful venture from St. Louis by way of the Mississippi and the head-waters of the Red. Doubtless the fact that he was French and that his masters were a Spanish creole and a Portuguese helped him, and doubtless also he scattered liberal largess among the Spanish officials. But the disastrous venture of August P. Chouteau and Jules de Mun in 1817 put an end for a time to these efforts.

The revolution of January 6, 1821, by which Mexico won independence from Spain, caused the release of all American prisoners, several of whom succeeded in reaching St. Louis in the fore part of the year. Their stories of the wonderful opportunities in the New Mexican capital started a blaze of excitement all along the frontier. Immediately thereafter companies began to be formed for trading expeditions. The first of these, led by Thomas James and John McKnight, left St. Louis May 10 by way of the Mississippi, the lower Arkansas, and the Cimarron. Two parties, one of them commanded by Captain Becknell, the other by Colonel Benjamin Cooper, left Franklin in the late summer. Both

James and Becknell wrote accounts of their journeys. Becknell ascended the Arkansas to the Las Animas, or Purgatoire, and then turned southward, arriving in Santa Fé, according to his own account, on November 16. James gives the date of his own arrival as December 1, but maintains that he was the first American to enter the city and escape imprisonment. Curiously enough, neither Becknell nor James, who must have been in the city at the same time, mentions the other. Becknell left Santa Fé about December 11, and reached home at the end of January, 1822. James and McKnight, joining with the party of Hugh Glenn and Jacob Fowler, which in the meantime had reached Taos from Fort Smith, Arkansas, returned about six months later.

It was on Becknell's second trip, which began May 22, 1822, that, on reaching a point on the Arkansas somewhere near the present Colorado line, he resolved to brave the terrors of the region to the southwest. The oft-told story, first in Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" (1844), that his party nearly perished from thirst and therefore returned to the Arkansas, is not borne out by Becknell's own account. He arrived safely and in the short time of only twenty-two days from the Arkansas crossing. He returned by a still shorter route. There is nothing to show that on either the outward or the return journey he traced the course which later became the Cimarron route of the Santa Fé Trail. He was the pioneer of the general direction of the route, but the definite Trail was established only after years of adventure by his successors.

The Santa Fé Trail was, for a considerable part of its length, a shifting one. The eastern terminus was at first Franklin. After that town began to slide into the river Independence, farther west, became its successor. Shortly before the Mexican War Westport and the adjoining Kansas Landing had become formidable rivals of Independence, and by 1855, combined as Kansas City, had won the supremacy. Border troubles preceding and during the early days of the Civil War made Fort Leavenworth a strong trade competitor of Kansas City, and for several years at least half the caravans started from the former place. From Council Grove, where the caravans were usually organized, to the Great Bend and on to the neighborhood of the present Kinsley the route was virtually stable until the middle sixties. Beyond Kinsley for a stretch of sixty or seventy miles there came to be two trails, one of them following the southward bend of the river, and the other, called by Parkman



The Santa Fé Trail (circa 1846-64). This drawing, originally made for Inman's "The Old Santa Fé Trail," though defective in certain respects, is, on the whole, approximately correct. Its main defect is that it does not indicate the relation of the Trail to Westport (now a part of Kansas City), which for many years was the main eastern terminus

the "Ridge Path," cutting a base line across the arc. Then came the crossing of the Arkansas, and for years there was no regular fording place. It might be as far east as the site of the present town of Cimarron, or it might be anywhere up to a hundred miles to the west. Gregg, whose first trip was made in 1831, nine years after Becknell struck out on his revolutionary adventure, says that there was then not a sign of a trail to the south of the Arkansas. The definite location of the Cimarron trail came in 1834, when a returning caravan, plowing along through a heavy rain, and striking the Arkansas near the site of Cimarron, left deep tracks that no one could fail to see. The mountain division, running west along the Arkansas, had a single track till it reached the southward turn. At various points the caravans veered off from the Arkansas, but ultimately they came to follow the route now traced by the Santa Fé Railway from La Junta.

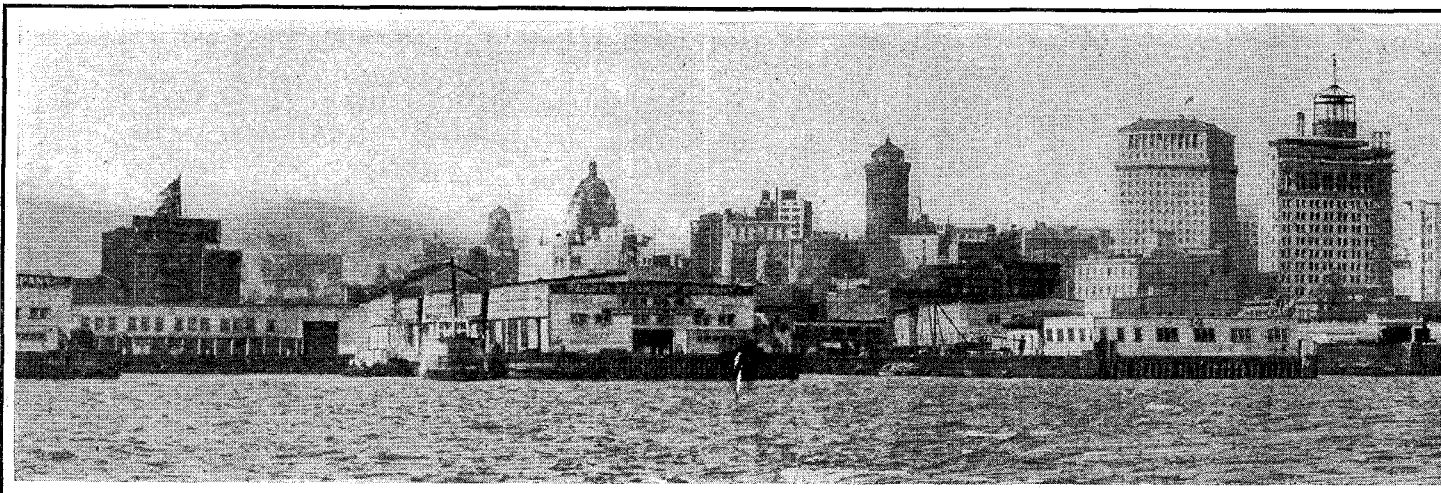
Along this trunk line and its two branches the tide of traffic flowed for forty-five years; along a part of one of its branches for twelve years more. Pack-mules were the first carriers; then came wagons—in the early years drawn by mules, later generally by oxen. Traders were the first adventurers. Fur trappers followed, but they soon exhausted the southwestern streams of beaver, and again the traders monopolized the Trail. From the \$15,000 worth of merchandise

carried in 1822 the amount grew to \$250,000 in 1831, and, though it fluctuated considerably, it reached \$450,000 in 1843. Then for a year the Mexican Government closed the Trail; and hardly had the tide again set in when the war began. Trade slackened, but the troops of Kearny, Doniphan, and St. George Cooke swept along the mountain division for the conquest of the Southwest, and long supply trains followed them. With the peace came a new era and a great increase of traffic. A stage-coach and mail service over the Cimarron division was established in 1850. This, the first of its kind across the plains, was begun as a monthly service, but by 1861, when it was shifted to the mountain division, it had become weekly, and by 1868 daily. The Civil War and the succeeding Indian wars interrupted and at times paralyzed the traffic. With the revival of 1869 settlers began thronging the trail. But the beginning of the end was already in sight; railroads were pushing their way across Kansas, and the Trail could not compete with them.

The earlier shifts in the route were as nothing to those that followed the extension of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. One after another, the most Western railroad town became the eastern end of the Trail. In 1865 it was Lawrence, in 1866 Topeka, in 1867 Junction City. With the advance to Junction City the wagons made their way to the newly established

Fort Larned, on the western curve of the Great Bend, and historic Council Grove saw them no more. In rapid succession the terminus passed to Salina, Ellsworth, and Hays City. In 1869 Sheridan was reached; the wagons struck out for the new Fort Lyon, near the present La Junta, and the Cimarron route at last winked out. In 1870 Kit Carson, Colorado, became the eastern terminus, and remained so until 1873, when a branch railway was opened from there to West Las Animas. The Santa Fé Railroad had also been rapidly extending its line. In the same year it reached Granada, Colorado, which for a short time competed with West Las Animas for the caravan trade. In 1875 both lines were completed to La Junta. Pueblo became the end of the trail early in 1876. El Moro, 87 miles to the south, followed when the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad reached it the same year. The Santa Fé, pushing its line southward along the old mountain division and "eating up the Trail" as it advanced, reached Trinidad in 1878, Otero and Las Vegas in 1879; and on February 9, 1880, "the locomotive thundered into Santa Fé and broke the spell which for three centuries had shut from the modern world the city of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis."¹ The Santa Fé Trail was an abandoned highway.

¹ Quoted by Ralph P. Bieber, "Some Aspects of the Santa Fé Trail," in the "Missouri Historical Review" for January, 1924.



San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO and Los Angeles are municipalities in the same arbitrary geographical subdivision of the same Federal Government and both front westward on the same Pacific Ocean. That's about all they have in common. Los Angeles is in *southern* California, a state of mind and territory to be clearly distinguished from California, the State in which San Francisco is situated. San Francisco is in the United States—partially; Los Angeles is in Los Angeles County—entirely. San Francisco and its satellite communities spread tranquilly round one of the finest land-locked harbors in the world, a free gift tranquilly appreciated. Los Angeles reaches southward twenty-six oily miles to carve an artificial harbor out of the

coast, reclaiming land for its docks and warehouses by means of the sea-bottom dredged up to make berthing space and anchorage for the argosies of its commercial dreams. No free gift or tranquillity about this harbor; it cost Los Angeles \$25,000,000, and the city appreciates it vociferously. By print and photographs and propaganda it takes infinite pains that the outside world appreciates it too. Maritimately San Francisco is a broody old hen setting on a nest of eggs; Los Angeles is a hectic young pullet that has just laid an egg.

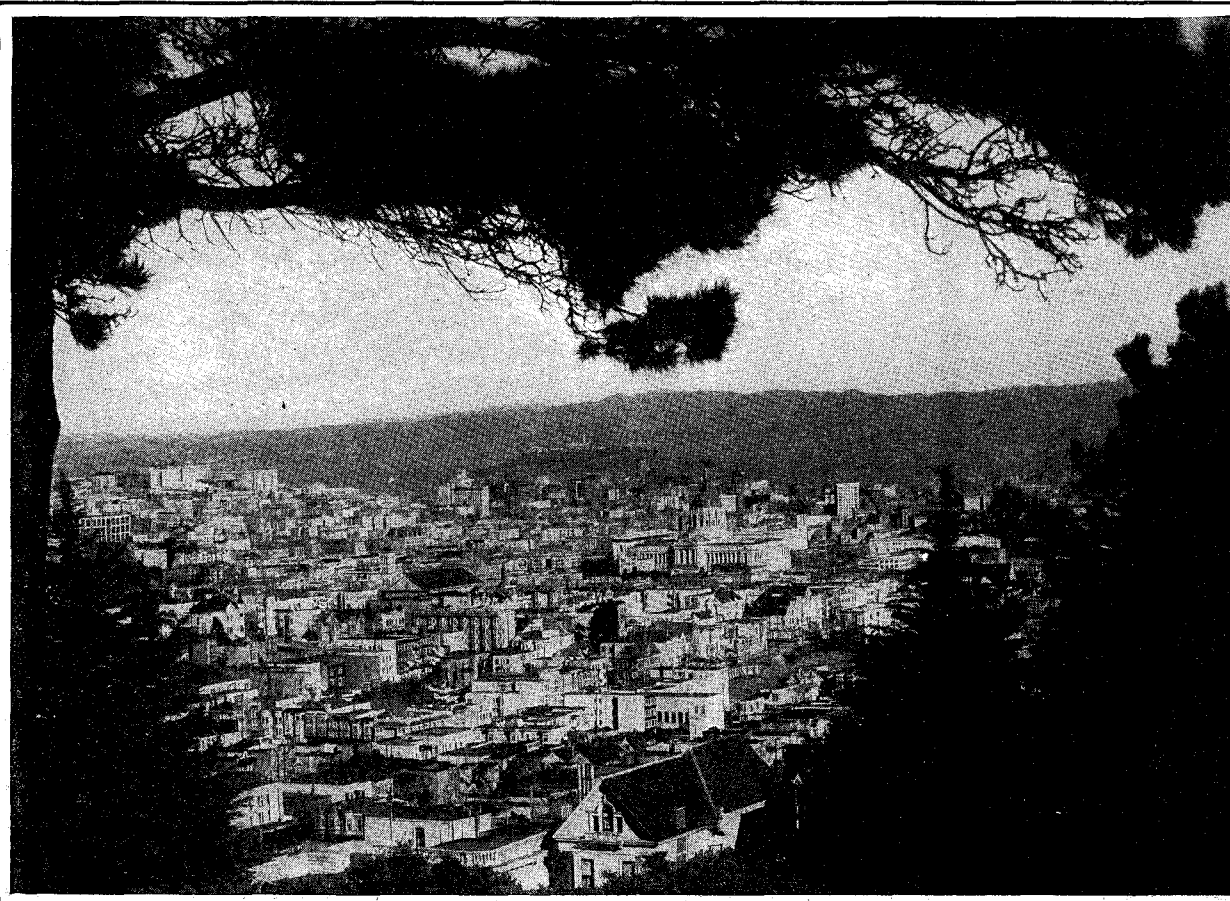
In Los Angeles the elevators drop out from under you in the New York manner, and it takes you three stories or so to catch up with them and get your feet back on the floor. The man who runs

The Ga

San Francisco Still in

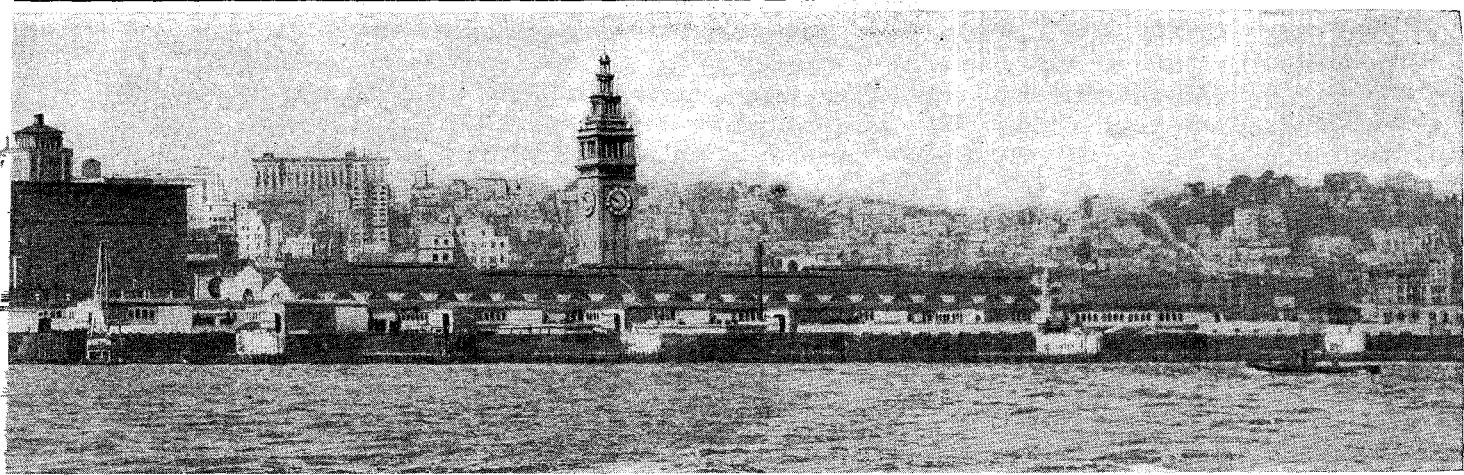
By G

the elevator in San Francisco starts it reverently and imperceptibly as a first-class locomotive engineer before the war used to ease his express train out of a station. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce opens its arms and its marble palace to you; it considers that you have reached the ultimate end of your journeying. In San Francisco the Chamber and "these charming people" greet you



A Japanese frame for the city

A view of a section of San Francisco from the summit of Buena Vista Park, which is almost the heart of the city and easily accessible. In the center of the photograph is seen the City Hall, and at the extreme right the Fairmont Hotel, on the brow of Nob Hill, and in the background Golden Gate Island and the hills of Alameda County.



Oakland ferry

of Gold

a Pioneer Community

E MARVIN

as travelers meeting one another at the crossroads and, with a friendly pat on the back, send you on your way. Los Angeles develops. San Francisco grows; it grows again from the ashes of fire and earthquake. In Los Angeles County there are no yesterdays; it is all adolescent to-day and to-morrow. San Francisco carries a rich past of memories along with it in maturity. The city

by the Golden Gate has flavor, bouquet, aroma—something that cannot be bought. The city of Wrigley and the Famous Players wants nothing that cannot be sold.

The twelve thousand members of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce all put their shoulders together and with an enormous heave boost the commonwealth. What each gets out of the boost individually seems to concern him less than the thriving of the big show in which he must inevitably, directly or indirectly, share. The six thousand members of the San Francisco Chamber are banded together in a kind of mutually apprehensive association the main object of which seems to be the boosting of the constituent members more severally

than jointly. Specifically, for example, an Angeleno photographer member donates his best work to the Chamber freely and without restriction as to use because it is his contribution to the advertising of the city and southern California; bread comes back to him substantially, even if indirectly, on the waters. Not so the Franciscan photographer member. He wants his seven dollars and a half per copyright print duly acknowledged, and he expects the Chamber to act as his agent; his membership dues are primarily an investment for himself. In a larger way the southern commercial body uses every device known to advertising and "selling" to get ever more and more industrial enterprises into its terrific development; the

San Francisco's Coney Island

"The Beach," a magnet that attracts thousands. Bathing is indulged in practically every day in the year. What a lucky thing for the citizens of San Francisco that they have near at hand a clean beach and unspoiled waters! Let us hope that they never have to face the problem that threatens the Eastern beaches



northern Chamber, on the contrary, goes warily about admitting new concerns to a position of advantageous competition with those of its constituent members already established in business.

Two Pacific coast cities confronting similar opportunities, endowed with corresponding advantages, and yet as different in character and method and tone and personality as two individuals could be. Cities are individualities; a knowledge of one helps an appreciation of the other.

Some cities possess this heritage of individuality more poignantly than others. They are personalities, and they impress and linger in the memory with a distinctive flavor of their own after hunger, more populous, richer, more extensive communities have faded to the dead level of chronological experience. Boston of twenty-five years ago, Philadelphia of yesterday, Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco of to-day, are cities of this aromatic character. Los Angeles mentally and morally and—to lug in a much misused word—culturally is a glorified Middle-Western town. It makes no difference in how many millions of dollars, or tons of oil and shipping, or kilowatts of power, or acre-feet of irrigating water, or people, you express it. Into the community-making of San Francisco have gone other ingredients, not possibly computable in millions, which, assimilated in its growth and woven into its texture, have endowed the city of St. Francis with something beyond advertising, beyond “selling,” beyond “development”—something not altogether communicable in print. Charm is incommunicable except through the emotions and perceptions; indefinable except in the inexpressible part of human experience where colors, perfumes, music, and intimations find their response, their home. So it is with rare persons and rare cities of personality. Abundantly San Francisco has charm.

The white colonnades of an old doorway that remained standing on Nob's Hill in the ruins of the earthquake and fire of 1906 have been transplanted to stand symbolically against a dark-green background of Irish yews in Golden Gate Park. Looking through this “portal of the past,” you may, even if you cannot define it, still find some reasons for the character and charm of the reborn city. Mankind has always sought for El Dorado. The Spanish conquistadores and the Elizabethan captains of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries came adventuring into the unknown West for gold. In insufficient quantities they took it from Incas and Aztecs and Indians, who valued it not supremely. The old

granite cross surmounting one of the city's many Roman hills is commemorative of the time in 1549 when Sir Francis Drake, disabled in his quest, careened his ship on a sheltered beach north of the Golden Gate. He missed the wonderful haven close at hand and he missed the unknown gold in the ground, but he left on the coast of the world's desire the sign of a faith more precious than all the gold in the world.

Then in 1849 the fabulous El Dorado was actually and at last discovered, beyond the dream of the conquistadores and the captains, in the soil of California. And the adventurers of all Christendom and pagandom were magnetized. They brought with them to San Francisco the adventurous heart, the pioneer spirit of fortitude, and the diverse civilizations and manners and customs and speech of older communities: French, English, Scotch, German, Scandinavian, and southern European across the Atlantic; the stalwart New England generations of the '30's and the '40's from across the continent; and from the Orient the first tides of formidable Chinese and Japanese immigration. They did not come in their thousands by flivver and sleeping-car and seagoing hotel. They came in their hundreds by sailing ship and prairie schooner, by nerve and by diaphragm, and only the fit arrived. And out of their polyglot coming together grew the heart of the city.

But something was here before, something the “forty-niners” found and never have effaced—the grace of Spain. All across the wide and desolate Southwest into the Californias, from San Antonio in Texas-Mexico to San Francisco on the Pacific, the ecclesiastical Jeffersons of the Catholic missions left the architectural patterans of their faith. With the white missions, shining in the desert and dedicated in the sonorous Spanish names of the saints, came their vesper-bells, the rich syllables of the European speech that is most harmonious among languages, the monastic arts and culture, the things of the spirit.

Into a landscape of peculiar beauty, already flavored with the charm of Spanish exploration and settlement, came the gold rush, fertilizing the land with high adventure and leaving in its alluvial deposit contributions from all parts of the earth. “*Anno urbis conditæ*” 1925, here still are the foundations of the city that neither earthquakes can topple down nor fires burn away.

The same kind of adventurous brains that built the old city carry on now the business and the life of the rebuilt town, accumulating assets that cannot altogether be added up in columns of figures.

It is a matter of comparatively small importance to the sons and the grandsons of the pioneers how many people the Census returns say are living in the seven square miles of their city community. It does not make them unhappy that several thousand more people inhabit the four hundred square miles of the younger city of Los Angeles—so life be lived dangerously and abundantly, and merrily withal. San Francisco has never been accused of taking itself too seriously. It is quite possible to “develop” beyond the saving grace of humor. San Francisco, although in good standing one of the six “second largest ports in the United States,” is not yet one of the sixty-three municipalities possessing “the largest pipe organ in the world.”

The big catastrophe of 1906 interfered with the growth and distributed the wealth of the city. In the great progressive years that intervened before the Great War, while other communities were booming and building ahead on unshaken foundations, San Francisco had to begin all over again to construct its material city from below the ground up, and at the same time to replant the human good will and the business good will that take decades or generations to reach maturity and to accrete their attributes.

The war came along to help artificially; the kind of dislocating help that has led to inevitable readjustments in most American cities, just as the fire—in San Francisco “it isn't cricket” to speak of the earthquake—was a heavy but an artificial setback. San Francisco began to come into its commercial own again as a war port astonishingly well fitted by nature and temperament for the stupendous demands of modern war. But the war debauched San Francisco less than most other communities, because much of its boost was needed to bring the city back to what might be considered normal—war assets to be averaged in with the liabilities of fire.

San Francisco believes it has all the future it wants and it is not dissatisfied with the present. California can feed and lodge thirty million people—ten times more than its present population—though whether it can give them anything to drink remains an open question. Northern as well as southern California will get its fair share of the accretion of desirable citizenship and desirable investment. It does not worry. Economically it has passed out of a mining period of bursting growth, through an agricultural development, and now adjusts its commercial life and thought to the new era of manufacturing enterprise which involves, both for sources and markets, the

entire Pacific coast and the immediately adjoining trade territories to the east. The populations and the markets are coming into being faster than the Pacific manufacturing sources of supply. Four great seaport cities share a much longer coast-line and a more needful hinterland on the Pacific side of the continent than is shared by ten seaports on the Atlantic littoral. The fast-growing foreign and

domestic demands of this situation can far more effectively be met by combination than by blind local competition. The State of California and the Pacific coast need unity of surplus capital and surplus energy; they need no less a unity of attitude towards the big problems of the State, the West, and the new trade outlook towards the Orient and Latin America. Local jealousies are now slow-

ing down the enormous best that the State of California is capable of realizing and doing. Nothing outside the State can hurt it. But the State is now hurting itself. The factional and sectional differences that divide the State are sometimes regarded as a joke outside; they hurt inside. California does not need statistics and superlatives. It does need team-work.

When Bloodshed Makes for Unity

By FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT

In this and in the article that follows The Outlook offers two striking pieces of special correspondence from China. Mr. Cartwright writes of the facts of the conflict, Mr. Baker of the psychological situation which made that conflict possible

CHINA, chaotic China, is more nearly a unit to-day than at any time since the end of the Empire. In Shanghai the guns of Sikh and Chinese constables, under orders of a British officer, barked out the call which has solidified the nation. This may be but a temporary unity; perhaps it will have split into fragments before this article reaches America. But just now (June 15) the mind of thinking China holds just one idea—a blazing lava stream of protest.

It was on the afternoon of May 30 that the "Lexington of Chinese history," as a Chinese speaker has termed Shanghai, saw the blood of Chinese citizens spilled on its streets. For some time previous strikes had been in progress at certain mills owned and operated by Japanese, and student sympathy and aid had been freely given to the strikers. It is charged, and with considerable corroborative evidence, that much of this had been Russian in direction and support. A few days preceding this Saturday afternoon a rioting striker had been shot by a Japanese employee of the mill, and at his funeral large numbers of students had paraded, distributing handbills and carrying banners. These were inflammatory in nature. At a meeting of protest some of the more violent students were arrested.

America's Decoration Day came. In the afternoon, by prearrangement, groups of students went to Nanking Road, Shanghai's great business street, to lecture crowds of passers-by and, if possible, to enlist sympathy and aid for their imprisoned comrades. A large crowd went to the police station and staged a demonstration, "hoping to get themselves arrested and placed in custody with their friends."

At the Louza Street Police Station the

mob soon grew to a size estimated from one to three thousand, and it surged forward to cries of "Kill the foreigners!" Evidence has been adduced that there were no such threats, but many witnesses aver that they heard the calls even in English. The handful of police seems to have worked patiently for a time. The crowd retreated, and returned. Again they were pushed back from the station, this time by use of clubs. Once more they rushed forward. The Inspector says he threatened them with gun-fire, but with no effect. So the foreign officers stepped aside, the order to fire was given, and after two volleys the mob broke. Dead and wounded Chinese lay on the wide street in growing pools of blood. The wounded were taken to hospitals, where some of them died.

Sunday was a day of tenseness. Fear, hatred—these were the very air of the city. Monday saw more rioting; this time not by empty-handed students and idle youngsters, but by angered crowds who tore up cobblestones and used them in the ancient manner of mobs. Again there was shooting. More deaths and injuries were reported.

Meanwhile the telegraph wires were crowded with messages to Chinese all over the land, down to Malaysia, to the Philippine Islands. The well-organized Students' Union called upon all students to strike in protest, and at the signal China's Government schools, already badly disorganized by the general lack of government and funds, closed classes. Students in mission schools followed their companions. Many classes of seniors walked out, even at the possible loss of their diplomas. Some have said that they would not be willing to receive a diploma with a foreign name on it. In some mission schools the boys struck with the tacit approval of the foreign faculty

members as well as their Chinese teachers. Other faculties stood firmly for school rule. The president of one of Shanghai's great colleges pulled down the half-masted flag of China which the Boy Scouts had placed in position. His entire school went on strike.

If the movement had been confined to the student group, little would have come from it. China has a chronic case of student-strikitis. But the business world took a hand. Shanghai's shops were closed, in the Settlement and the Chinese city. "That is all right. They fear the students, and they will open tomorrow," said the wisacres. But they did not open. Most of them are still closed, and this includes all the Chinese banks. Millions of dollars' worth of checks on these banks are held by British and American banking firms, and on these the Chinese bankers must pay interest; but still they keep their doors closed. Yesterday the secretary of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce said that \$3,000,000 per day is a conservative estimate of the loss of Chinese business in Shanghai, while a leading banker told me last night that for every dollar of business loss on the part of foreigners there are ninety-nine dollars lost by Chinese. Hit in their most vulnerable point, Shanghai business men continue the strike.

Shipping is hard hit. There are scores of British and Japanese ships lying idly in the Whampoa to-day, and more are added constantly. Transpacific liners docking this week were able to get away without their crews striking, but coastal vessels almost without exception are tied up. (I am writing this while riding on what is prophesied to be the last coast steamer until a settlement is reached; and student agitators were at the dock until the ropes were cast off, trying to

get the crew of this *Chinese-owned* vessel to leave the boat.)

Telegrams from all over China tell of strikes, student and mercantile, of rioting in Hankow, of attacks upon British consulates and Japanese banks, of foreigners hurriedly leaving Chingkiang and other dangerous points. Meanwhile money for the support of the strikers pours in. Manila sent \$10,000, and in one day the total was more than \$50,000.

"What is wanted?" Pretty hard to tell. Primarily, the demands are for the release of the arrested rioters, for the dismissal and punishment of Inspector Everson and the implicated police, for reparations for the families of the dead and wounded. But different groups, ranging from the association of Christian pastors in Shanghai to the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, add many other demands, some of them arresting, others ridiculous: the turning over of Shanghai to Chinese control, the giving up of concessions in all China, relinquishment of extra-territorial rights by foreigners, the closing of the Mixed Court, a commission of impartially minded foreigners and Chinese to study the Shanghai outbreak and give wide publicity to their findings, freedom of students to speak anywhere and on any theme they choose, the leaving of China by all foreigners, and so on.

At present it is impossible to formulate the demands in order of their importance in Chinese thinking because so many or-

ganizations and individuals are coming out with new series of ideas. But one fact is clear as day: This bloody though brief bit of history is focusing the resentment of China against foreign aggression until it hits two points—unequal treatment of foreigners and Chinese in China and imperialistic exploitation. They cannot be settled in the hot atmosphere of the present. Time and consideration must be given. But it is doubtful if the Chinese thinking classes will allow themselves to be sidetracked from these issues and their related problems.

During these few days I have talked with many influential men in Shanghai. There were business men and church men. Some were Chinese educated in England or America. A few of the foreigners were openly antagonistic toward the Chinese agitation. Most were open-minded. The Chinese without exception were intolerant of any defense of the past few days' events. There seems to be a head-on collision of ideas on the subject. Foreigners say: "Law and order must be maintained, no matter what the cost or who is hurt." The Chinese say: "But these are students. And they were unarmed." The former in many minds is the most damning factor, because the student class has traditionally been exempt from many of the more common provisions of law, sometimes even from its operation.

But all interviewed were united in one hope and prayer. They asked that both

sides restrain their animosities and that both, possibly together, would carefully study the facts, not the theories or rumors.

I have no better plea for you in America. Do not judge on the basis alone of your newspaper reports. Wait for the considered judgments of men who from China itself will later give you the results of careful investigation. Then study, judge, act. But, whatever you do, keep your eye on China, and be fair. The powder magazine is exposed, and carelessness or unfairness would prove a deadly match.

China's most widely observed national celebration is "Humiliation Day," when the remembrance of Japan's notorious Twenty-one Demands, made during the progress of the World War, is kept before the people. A strange thing to us Westerners that a nation should celebrate her shame! But there is critical danger that America's most sacred day of national remembrance, her Memorial Day, may become the date of a new "Day of Humiliation" for China, and that in the eyes and distrust of the Chinese race the Anglo-Saxon may be coupled with the Japanese. It will be a dark outlook, not only for the two races immediately concerned, but for the whole world, if permanent hate has been kindled. The ugly rattle of gunshots brought it to flame. Nothing but absolute justice coupled with unmistakable friendliness will ever quench it.

The Chinese Powder Magazine

By JOHN EARL BAKER

IF a disease is to be cured, the cause must be removed. Anti-foreign feeling in Shanghai is sufficiently virulent to make every one concerned wish for a cure. But what is the *cause*? A desire to escape examinations? Bolshevik propaganda? Imperialism? All of these influences may or may not be present, but back of it all is the difference in two points of view concerning law—the Chinese and the foreign—and the difference is fundamental.¹

The Great Game of Rules

THE foreigner, having philosophized concerning conduct, writes out a rule. By processes which have been carefully defined he obtains a formal adoption of that rule. By the same processes he places responsibility upon

a certain person or certain persons for seeing to it that all and sundry obey this rule. The rule is now a law. Thousands of the best minds and millions of dollars annually are devoted, not to the enforcement of the law, but to the defining of it more minutely. This careful attention to ritual, the sacrifice of effort to produce a law and of material goods for the interpretation and application of the law, give to it a sacred aspect. In a sense legalism becomes a religion whose temples are the courts and whose priests are judges.

Whether the rule contained in the law is wise or just or merciful has nothing to do with the subject. So long as the law remains, it must be respected. One of the fundamental proverbs of the legal priesthood is that "uncertainty of the law works more hardship than the rigor of the law." The law may be evaded,

but the craft and guile employed to accomplish the evasion is a recognition of the status of the law. It may be defied, but the meed of admiration which often is accorded the bold spirit who essays the rôle is a tribute not only to his courage but to the secure position of the law defied.

It is no defense that one did not know the law, that he personally never assented to the law, that he did not like the law, that others also broke the law, that another tempted him, or that he did not realize that the results of his transgression would be so serious. The law is the law, and he who trifles with it does so at his peril. If the law is bad, it is one's privilege to seek by legal means to have it changed. If other causes provoke one to break a law, one may seek (along the lines prescribed by law) to remove such causes. But so long as the

¹ Of course, the long-smoldering Chinese resentment at the inconsiderate lordliness of the British commercial supplies the motive force.



International

The aftermath of the conflict between the East and the West in Canton, China. The photograph shows what happened when the mob wrecked several Japanese newspaper offices. Japanese printers may be seen seated amid the wreckage of their plant

law remains it must be obeyed. To leave to the judgment of the lawbreaker the decision as to when and to what degree the law may be transgressed would be ridiculous.

Nor have those whose duty it is to enforce the law any more latitude. To shift the responsibility for enforcement onto other persons or other forces is deemed cowardly. To bargain with the lawbreaker for exemption from penalty is venal. To do other than to drag him before the high priest for judgment at whatever cost is a betrayal of trust. Let the law itself decide later whether or no his actions were too precipitate or too violent. For the moment, at least, the officer is the embodiment of the law, and as such must be obeyed.

These are the instincts of Western peoples, Anglo-Saxons especially, toward law, bred of a thousand battles and nurtured through a thousand years of experience.

Why Be Pig-Headed?

To the Chinese mind this is an unreasonable, pig-headed attitude assumed by people who dare not trust their own sense of justice and good breeding.

For thousands of years the Chinese people have lived in the same manner as they do to-day. For thousands of years the typical Chinese has lived in the same inclosure, not only with his own wives and concubines and children, but also with his father, his father's wives and concubines and children, and perchance with his grandfather and the

grandfather's wives and concubines and children, together with uncles and cousins and their wives and concubines and children. Invariably he has been married before his mind reached that degree of maturity to make it independent of the mind of his elders, even if economic dependence did not bind him. As a result, his wife, though nominally under his control, is in reality the servant of his mother. His children ever find in his parents or his grandparents a shield against his more severe attempts at discipline. In fact, if he is of the scholar or merchant class, his absences from home leave the rearing of his children in the hands of his parents, and if he is a farmer the division of labor leaves to the aged the lighter task of child care.

Thus for thousands of years there has been no definite location of responsibility in the Chinese family. Life is a daily series of adjustments, of yielding to expediences so as to hush the crying of the child, to avoid a collision with a virago, to circumvent the beloved concubine who prefers to adorn her person rather than promote the family fortune. Theoretically, in time the eldest son will become the head of the family, but as a rule when this event occurs his age is so advanced, his habits have been so fixed, that the system of compromise and adjustment to which he has been accustomed remains as his method of government. No action can be taken if any member of the family cries out against it. Action must be taken if some member insists upon it.²

Many Mothers Make Complications

IN a Western family how often does the father drive through his plan for the children if the mother opposes? Suppose there are two or three mothers in the same household? Suppose they are jealous of one another or of the advantages given to one another's children? When the ancient Chinese clans built a wall around their camp and prevented the removal to a little distance of those who found irritation in close contact, then the process of getting through the day on the basis of personalities rather than on the basis of abstract principles of justice and right became a necessity.

Thus it came about that when Chinese sages philosophized on conduct they too formulated rules. But these rules never became law. Rather, they became principles of conduct in a general way, to be adhered to if it were not too difficult, to be modified as became the condition of the parties concerned, to be adjusted according to the strength of the antagonists, to be forgiven somewhat in the case of intimate friends and relatives (if necessary), and to serve as a basis of negotiation in all the give and take which so characterizes Chinese intercourse. Thus if the tailor ruins a piece of cloth by his poor workmanship, the garment is not refused; the price of making is merely scaled down. The road runs over the land of a farmer and little or none over that of his neighbor. When the road

² Merchant action at the demand of students is thus explained.

is widened, shall the extra width be taken from the neighbor? Not at all; a little land shall be taken from each. A ricksha man is running down the street. He meets another on the wrong side. Does he force the one in error to cross over and give room? He does not. He moves over still farther. Foreigners are amazed at the seemingly reckless speed by which Chinese chauffeurs thread their way through the crowded streets. It would be impossible to a foreign driver. But the Chinese driver knows instinctively how far the ricksha pullers will move over, how pedestrians will stop, and how the *lao Tai tai* will proceed serenely on her way, no matter if ten motor cars threaten to run over her. It is all quite simple to him. He makes his adjustments as easily as the American boy catches a baseball.

Contrary to this principle has been a slender thread of imperial authority. Vigorous military chieftains who became emperors have been able to maintain the military tradition of discipline for a time. These have been able to build the Great Wall and dig the Grand Canal. But for the most part the imperial function has been confined to the collection of taxes, the payment of which was a tradition with the people. And after the passing of two or three generations either the dynasty itself began to lose its control over the country or else that control was modified to the method to which the Chinese people were accustomed—the method of parley, partial enforcement, or unanimous consent. This explains the backwardness of China in communications, sanitation, harbor improvements, and other concomitants of enlightenment in spite of the fact that her better minds appreciate these things as much as do those of the West. Only when the danger from neglect is so overpowering as to bring about unanimous consent and co-operation is it possible to get action, such as that involved in diking a river.

When East Meets West

THIS attitude of mind, this trait of character, coming in contact with the Western conception of law, is the cause of the upheaval in Shanghai. Go back to the first overt act—the shooting of a Chinese workman by a Japanese foreman. This would not have happened had the foreman been a Chinese gentleman. Though the workmen appeared to be violently inclined and outnumbered him five or ten to one, a Chinese foreman would have known that they would not hit him before several minutes of cursing had passed. By this time such a crowd would have gathered that mediators would have appeared to handle the matter. Or, at worst, they would not

hit him more than two or three times, for he would not hit back, and men do not continue to hit one who does not resist.

But the Japanese foreman did not know this. He was in danger, he thought, and he took the only means at hand to protect himself. To the Chinese it seems that his defense was so much more adequate than necessary that it constitutes aggression on his own initiative. They argue that at most he would have suffered mere painful injury, not death. Therefore his defense should have been such as to produce no more than painful injury. And to cause death, therefore, is murder. The fine distinction between manslaughter and murder is not to be expected of minds which have no traditions in legal definitions.

It appears that this "murder" is to go unpunished. Again the traditions of the Chinese family direct the Chinese action, and, instead of following the unfamiliar, unknown Western methods, the familiar Chinese method, used by every persecuted daughter-in-law, every servant beaten or cheated by a powerful master, of "crying one's wrongs" on the street is followed. Of course it attracts a crowd. It always has. It always will. Some sympathize. Some condemn. More receive entertainment. A Chinese policeman would not interfere. He would know that in time the "cryer" would get tired and quit, that the crowd would disperse. The possibility that every one in this crowd would yield the unanimous consent necessary to start violence would scarcely occur to his mind.

Let the Traffic Slide

IF the crowd grew to such an extent that traffic was being impeded, well, let traffic go some other way. At most the policeman would approach the "cryer" courteously and "talk peace." Of course, he would bring upon his own head a little of the unspent wrath of the "cryer," but the tone would gradually approach conversational levels. At least, a diversion would be created. Mediators would take up the respective sides. The crowd would divide, begin to dwindle, and in a few minutes the policeman would be in a position to invite the disturber of the peace to a cup of tea at the station, where with more comfort they could discuss the situation. To a tired throat the prospects of a hot cup of tea have an appeal. The fragrance already by imagination is in his nostrils, the steam from the cup already begins to cool his overheated face. He goes; is given a chair. As befits his rank as a coming scholar, he is offered a hot towel and refreshes his perspiring features. His name is asked, not for police records, but as the beginning of a polite conver-

sation. His birthplace, the position of his family, and other personal facts are inquired for. The cause of the rumpus and all other disagreeable matters are ignored. The occasion is social, and when these formalities have been satisfied the incident is closed. Not even the admonition to "go and sin no more" mars the "end of a perfect day."

Now all this is absolutely incomprehensible to a foreign police force. Nay, worse. It is a pandering to disorder. It is an encouragement to the elements of violence. It *would be* in New York or London or Berlin. That is why the points of view taken by Chinese and by foreigners are irreconcilable. So long as either party adheres rigidly to its own standards, clashes like those in Shanghai are bound to occur.

Bowing to Custom

DOES this mean that the International Settlement of Shanghai must be delivered over to Chinese administration? Or that the Chinese must be driven out? If that is the alternative, clashes which already have occurred are a very mild prelude to what is to follow. But it should be remembered that Chinese in Honolulu, Manila, Singapore, and Saigon seem to have adjusted themselves pretty well to the foreign conception of law. Foreigners in Peking made no demonstrations when Chinese police barred them from the streets in honor of the Panshan Lama. They submit to the "squeeze" of their Chinese cook instead of sending him to jail in the foreign way. They put up with the smells of interior Chinese cities, get sick, and sometimes die from preventable disease without demanding troops from their Government or placarding the magistrate's *yamen*. In Manila, Singapore, and Saigon Chinese give up their point of view in deference to those of the ruling authorities. In Peking (outside of the Legation Quarter) and interior China foreigners do the same thing. In both cases the Chinese principle of adaptation to the stronger force is followed. Any one can do it—unless he is in anger.

But this point will have to be defined, and defined carefully. Are there laws in Shanghai, and, if so, who is responsible for their enforcement? Is the International Settlement, from which the warring Chinese armies were so stoutly excluded last fall, under Chinese government or foreign government? If under foreign government, what are the sources of its powers? And do Chinese within that Settlement enjoy extra-territorial privileges similar to foreigners who reside in Chinese-governed places? The mind of the student of China³ is not clear on the subject.

³ The obfuscation is not confined entirely to the student mind.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Jungle Days¹

A Review by HENRY W. BUNN

WILLIAM BEEBE has been a-cuttin' up mighty queer. Sometimes he be'aves like he was Michael Scott, and makes new volcanies rare 'emselves outen the briny deep; and next you sees him a-actin' Cap'n Kidd up and down. How he gets away with it is more'n I can figger. When yer mentions British Geeanny or the Gallypajoes, what is it yer means? Yer means William Beebe and the reptyles and insecs wherewit' he peoples them parts, and yer don't mean nothink else.

"It's plain as mud that William have been a-buccaneerin'. But yer don't hear no complaint. That's what a-gets me. I kin understand about the Gallypajoes. Eccydor owned them islands afore Beebe come along, and Eccydor ain't much. But when he flies his Skull and Cross-Bones over Geeanny, and the British Lion nary stirs a whisker, blow me eyes if I ain't stumped. And now, blow me down if he ha'n't took over the Humble Currant and the Sourgassyo Sea. If I ain't mistook, that's plumb agin Marrytim Law. If William Beebe ain't took and hanged some day while he's a-watchin' or a-describin' of some critter (for I'm convinced he describes a durned sight more nor he ever seen), my name ain't Jack Simmons.

"Unless—and mind yer, I hain't a-excludin' that it might a-be, it might a-be—unless he's a mayjeeshun like Moses or Edison; in which case yer might see Beebe and his pirate crew of males and females from the Noo York Musee a-scootin' in that old tub Arc-turus into the Sourgassyo Sea, and the U. S. and British naves a-follerin' hard behind; the latter gets ontangled in the Sourgassyo weeds and William torpedies 'em with volcanies one by one, while the ladies chant the Nineteenth Amendment. I've hearn tell of lady Amyzons in the old days, but lady pirates—Geewhillycum! William orders all hands to report for a subwhackious jamboree, radiates the partiklers to the New York 'Times' and writes another of them books."

Probably the feeling of most of us about Mr. Beebe is not so unlike that of my old friend Simmons. He has appropriated no inconsiderable parcels of the earth's surface. British Guiana is as

much his domain as Sarawak is Rajah Brook's; Pandemonium, Milton's; and New York, Hyland's. He carries it with somewhat the air of Captain Singleton. Those tall stories of volcanoes suggest Salamanca, Baron Munchausen, the "Arabian Nights," and Hermes Trismegistus. Darwin, Best, Wallace, Bates, have told strange things enough of tropical fauna; but after them Beebe is like Poe after Trollope. There is something eerie about all your keen observers, they see so much that is invisible to common optics; Beebe is the eeriest, the most uncanny of all.

But Mr. Beebe is not only a great naturalist; he is an honest one, he does not draw the long bow. In fact, not being as gifted an observer as Darwin and some others, he does not see or relate so many things wonderful in themselves. What, then, is the secret of the extraordinary charm and appeal of his books? It is that he, like Hudson, is quite as much the artist as the naturalist, and that he has an extraordinary literary gift. His descriptions bring into bold or exquisite relief whatever is most fantastic, humorous, lovely, or horrible in the economy of nature. To be sure, in respect of this or that gift he is surpassed by other "nature-writers." He is a biologist in the grand style; his sense of the concatenation and correlation of living organisms is of the keenest; but here he must yield the *pas* to Darwin and Wallace. He has a charming style and narrative gift; but in both respects Hudson is his superior. It is rather by his combination of gifts, each in rich though not perhaps in supreme measure, that he takes rank with the best.

No, we may say more than that. It is doubtful if any other writer gives you such a feel of what Emerson calls "the hints of ferocity in the interiors of nature." The effect would be intolerable but for another gift, wherewith Mr. Beebe is richly endowed—that of humor. When contemplation of nature's ferocities is about to plunge him in gloom, his appreciation of nature the humorist (Heine's "divine Aristophanes") comes to his relief and restores the balance. The chapter on "The Jungle Sluggard" (the sloth) in "Jungle Days" is a humorous masterpiece. This writer would like to make some return to Mr. Beebe

for pleasure received. Mr. Beebe is at a loss for similitudes whereby faintly to adumbrate the ineffable deliberateness of the sloth. Can it be that Mr. Beebe has never observed a detachment of American soldiers on "fatigue" duty? And as to certain other qualities of that animal, has he no acquaintance with magazine editors?

Oyez! high and low, old and young, golden girls and chimney-sweeps, here's the real thing in a book.

Fiction

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE MOVIES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

No one of the fifteen short stories in this volume fails to attain an obvious effectiveness; Mr. Ibañez is too able and experienced a master of his craft for that. But for the very reason that his best so far transcends the lesser achievements with which he too often contents himself, a critical reader may be moved to impatience. The book contains, for instance, half a dozen war stories, including that which supplies the covering title. Some of them are moving, because the episodes chosen are poignant and the Great War is still near enough to stimulate the reader's responsive imagination. But they are sentimental and theatric rather than in the higher sense tragic; men and women of lesser reputation have achieved finer work in the same field, as, of course, Mr. Ibañez has himself done elsewhere. Nor are most of the other tales of notable quality; but to this there are a few brilliant exceptions. Two especially stand out—"The Widow's Loan" and "The Four Sons of Eve"—each of which is an almost perfect example of the short story. Both have South American settings, but the latter, perhaps, is the best. In it an old Argentinian laborer relates a whimsical allegory of our first mother and her spoiled favorites, introduces saints, cherubs, archangels, Satan, and the Almighty himself with an amusing naïveté wholly without offense, and reminiscent rather of the colorful and childlike work of primitive religious art or the early mystery plays than of anything more modern.

Drama

ACTING AND PLAY PRODUCTION. Manual for Classes, Dramatic Clubs, and Little Theatres. By Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.25.

If any one is giving a party, great fun might be had by taking certain "exercises" from this book and offering prizes for the easy tasks set by these two in-

¹Jungle Days. By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.



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By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER



"Good summer reading is this last novel of Mr. Pier's" (*Kansas City Journal Post*) "a story as ingratiating as its title" (*New York Times*) in which "life, love, marriage, and change run the gamut . . . just as in real life." (*Nashville Banner*).

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structors of "educational dramatics," "Can you cry like a poor boy losing his job and hating to go home to his poor mother?" "Can you look ill, and still not look ghastly?" "Can you show the difference between the way a washer-woman tells you her head is aching, and the way a society matron tells you?" How about saying rapidly and distinctly, "A lonely lily lying all alone along a lonely lane"?

These play elements become serious exercises in this manual, which offers practical suggestions for the making of an actor and the preparing of a production. The book is illustrated with scenes from well-known Broadway plays; the reader is advised to study pose and gesture and costume and "mood" from these pictures. The body, in its minute mechanical aspects, is studied carefully, and a series of "exercises" is mapped out, so that the most isolated community will find no difficulty in understanding what the authors mean. Voice culture is analyzed, and so is characterization; and then the play in its various aspects is considered. There is plenty of work outlined by these writers for the novice to follow; the bare shell of the actor's art is there; short cuts to being an actor.

A slavish adherence to the laws set down might, it seems, if too rigorously followed, result in imitation rather than real feeling for the art. But amateurs are eager for "quick" means of doing things; and so are teachers. On that score the present manual has many practical suggestions. And it has the advantage of thinking out for the unthinking a series of logical questions relating to the various phases of the actor's art which might have their beneficial effect on the novice.

Biography

JAMES BRANCH CABELL. By Carl Van Doren. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$1.

James Branch Cabell is the subject of a monograph by Carl Van Doren in the series of "Modern American Writers." As it was to be expected, the book is an able appreciation. Mr. Cabell is undoubtedly an artist in words; but when Mr. Van Doren presents his finding that, "There seems to be no longer any reason for not associating him with the only comparable American romancers, Hawthorne and Melville," he challenges protest. How is it possible to place beside "The Scarlet Letter" books that almost without exception are riddled through and through with sophomoric cynicism and affection rendered tolerable or impressive only by fine writing? And as for Mr. Cabell's "intrepid" wit that even "good-humoredly strokes the beard of Jehovah," that sort of wit isn't

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particularly "intrepid" or uncommon today. Its intrepidity is notably like that of Kipling's little man who valiantly patted his god on the head.

Essays and Criticism

MRS. MEYNELL AND HER LITERARY GENERATION. By Anne Kimball Tuell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The title is deceptive, for the book tells us little about Mrs. Meynell's literary contemporaries. The preface, by the author, declares the book to be "a critical study of the work in prose and verse of Alice Christiana Meynell." "Critical study" is, however, scarcely the right description; it is, rather, a eulogistic survey in a most irritatingly "precious" style. It is a reasonable contention that by virtue of her best poems (such as "A Thrust Before Dawn" or "A Song of Derivations") Mrs. Meynell is the supreme woman poet; but, on the other hand, most of her poetry exhibits serious defects or limitations of which it is the business of criticism to take note. Miss Tuell does not take note; or insufficiently so. Too often Mrs. Meynell's imagination lacked the power completely to fuse the idea, the train or phase of thought.

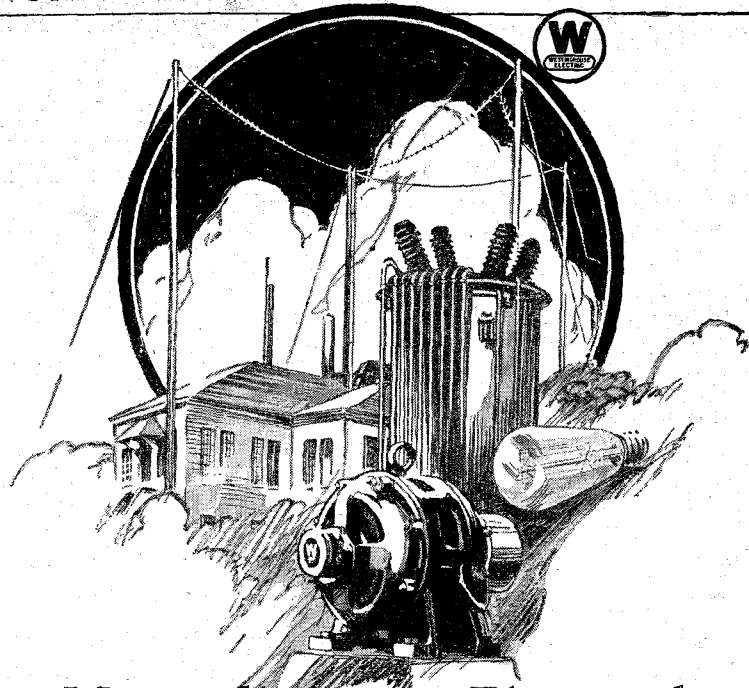
Miss Tuell devotes most of her attention to Mrs. Meynell's prose, dealing with it even less critically than with the poetry. There was room and, owing to Miss Tuell's failure, there still is, for an adequate survey of the prose, much of which is of delightful quality. It is to be hoped that the best of the essays and literary criticisms now buried in the files of magazines, reviews, and newspapers, or scattered as prefaces, will be collected in book form and added to the three small volumes we have.

Business and Finance

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER. By Edwin Lefèvre. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

Mr. Lefèvre's purpose in writing this book (it appeared first in the "Saturday Evening Post") was to give in entertaining form a picture of the work of a first-class and successful brokerage house. The book is frankly an attempt to correct the public notion that Wall Street is a den of thieves. The attempt is extremely human and bears every earmark of the truth, disguised from time to time to prevent the identification of characters, corporations, and banks in the writer's narrative with the actual persons and institutions which served as models.

To read this book is to readjust—for many of us—warped notions about the trade, profession, or business of selling stocks at retail to the great American public. Lefèvre doesn't turn every stockbroker into a saint, but he draws the



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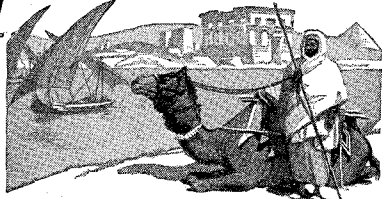
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Science

THROUGH FIELD AND WOODLAND. By Alice Rich Northrop. Edited by Oliver Perry Medsger. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Chapters on trees, shrubs, flowers, wild animals, birds, reptiles, and insects. This is a book of over 500 pages, very well illustrated, with some plates in color. It forms a useful guide to the general study of nature, and is intended for the layman or for the young reader; the style is simple and interesting. Until her sudden death, a few years ago, the author was instructor in botany at Hunter College.

Notes on New Books

THE QUEEN OF COOKS. By Mary Lawton. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$3.

This is the story of Rosa Lewis, who was a great cook in England. She comments upon the kings, statesmen, and notables of all kinds.

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The Mail Bag

Turkish Is the Only Wear

I WAS much interested in the recent colloquy between The Outlook and Rustem Bey concerning the efflorescences of Turkish nationalism. As one who has very recently been in Constantinople, I can testify that, while the menu at the Pera Palace Hotel is (or was in March) still printed in French, there are numerous things that ought still to be, but are not. For example, the time-table of the steamers which run up and down the Bosphorus was offered while I was there only in Turkish—a language which comparatively few long-resident foreigners can read at all, although they speak it fluently enough, and which, apparently, a great many Turks cannot read any better than the foreigners.

The Bosphorus steamers serve numerous suburbs on either bank, and the patrons of them cannot, in many cases, read the language of the country. Public convenience would be served, and always

has been served hitherto, by publication of a time-table in both Turkish and French. Since the abolition of the latter it is necessary to count up the number of stations on the time-table until you reach the hieroglyphics representing what must be your own, draw a pencil line under it, and then cipher out the times of arrival and departure as given there in Turkish numerals at your leisure. This last is not a difficult task, although the so-called "Arabic" numerals which we use are by no means the same as those used by the Turks and Arabs. The 1 and the 9 may be recognized at sight. The rest must be learned. However, this is the least of the inconveniences.

It may be mentioned in passing that the Turk's passion for putting his nation and his language on the map has led to carefully painting over the duplicate numbers on the funnels of the steamers,

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formerly placed there to inform non-Turkish voyagers of the vessel's identity, retaining only the Turkish numerals. As the others may still be seen as through a glass darkly, this is of very small importance—indeed, the number of the steamer never made much difference at best.

Another case is to be found in the very admirable National Museum in Constantinople, which has several noteworthy treasures and a numerous collection of sculptures of lesser merit, which would be all the more interesting if the beholder from abroad knew what they were. The French labels explaining these have disappeared, and only Turkish writing remains. Needless to say, this is unenlightening even to a great many Turks. I seem to recall, however, that this merely copies the Greek custom—for unless I am greatly mistaken many of the treasures at the museums in Athens, if not all of them, bear only descriptive labels in Greek. In the present Turkish temper, with its disdain of everything Hellenic, perhaps this fact will induce the adoption of a better custom in Constantinople.

How this development has fared in Egypt only those who have been there lately can say. In older days the Arabic street signs used to be duplicated in French. Possibly they still are, since the tourist business is so large a part of Cairo's winter activity. But in Constantinople Turkish is the only wear; and it is a pity, because so vast a number of people, including natives, know not a jot or tittle of the back-handed Turkish alphabet. I was informed of instances in which business houses had been forced to rub out their signs as formerly given in European lettering, substituting therefor the Turkish pothooks and trammels.

Not that one blames the Turk without restraint for this desire to prove that his language is just as good as any one else's. That is a rather natural wish. The difficulty is that for European uses his language really is not so good—and Constantinople is on Europe's great cross-roads, where it is necessary, even at the cost of a little pride, to recognize things as they are. This phase of the nationalistic passion is only one, and a minor one at that. But it is significant of a thing which is causing a widespread disquiet as to the future of the Turk in Europe—not to mention its gigantic and catastrophic effect in compelling the migration of Greek and Armenian populations, which is primarily a result of the newly awakened Turkish desire to emphasize the slogan, "Turkey for the Turks."

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By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

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Founded 1873

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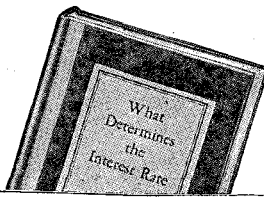
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Marketability is, in the last analysis, a percentage of value. Other elements in an investment may make it a larger or a smaller percentage, as, for example, the intrinsic solidity of the investment, which may outweigh the consideration of risk due to a limited market. This is the case with many of the short-term real estate mortgage bonds, the market for which is narrow. It is the case in real estate mortgages, where the market is very special. In the well-rounded investment list will be found a diversification of degrees of marketability.

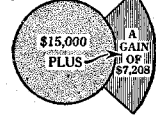
From Inquiring Readers

SEVERAL people have asked about the Insurance Company of North America. To one we replied recently that "it is one of the oldest businesses in the country, having been established in 1794. Its paid-up capital (1922 figures) is \$5,000,000. Its surplus over all liabilities is \$15,000,000, and in that year it paid \$1,500,000 in dividends."

Moody does not rate insurance companies—they are a special field. But it would not be difficult to guess what his rating of this one would be.

WHEN this department spoke (July 8 last) of "Investing in Homes," it committed an error which Mr. Guy M. Winslow, of Massachusetts, has pointed out. The article stated incorrectly the limit of shares in a co-operative bank which might be owned by one person as ten. It should have been forty. Again, the article erred in its estimate of the amount of interest reduction per month by reason of the periodic payments against principal. In spite of these mistakes, we point with pride to Mr. Winslow's commendation: "This is a splendid form of investment. I am glad to see your article giving it deserved publicity."

\$25,000 in 10 years earns
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THE OUTLOOK's Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of \$1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small or large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

The Outlook Financial Service Department
THE OUTLOOK

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New York

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180% Real Estate Security

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Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y.
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New York City

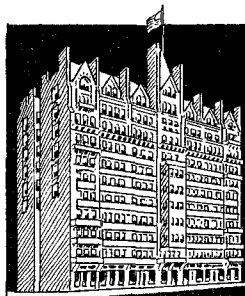
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New York City



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12-Story Fireproof Building

Easily accessible to all Railroad Stations and Steamship Piers.

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Monthly or Yearly Quotations for permanent guests.

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Where an air of graciousness and comfort prevails

Away from the crowds but only a few minutes from the center of the city. Spacious, airy rooms, with an exceptionally attractive and homelike atmosphere. Perfect service, excellent restaurant. Furnished and unfurnished apartments available on lease, with complete hotel service. Rates on request.

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Tourist Accommodations \$4.50 per day. Rates \$16 to \$21 per week.

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By new oil-burning Cunard-Anchor line steamers of great size, specially chartered for our exclusive use.

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

January 30, ss "TRANSYLVANIA," 62 days, \$600 to \$1700.

February 4, 50 days, ss "CALEDONIA," **SOUTH AMERICA EAST COAST** \$550 to \$1250.

NORWAY ss "LANCASTRIA," June 30, 1926, including the western Mediterranean; 53 days, \$550 to \$1300.

Reasonable rates, first class, include hotels, drives, guides, fees, etc.

Longest experienced cruise management. Established 30 years.

FRANK C. CLARK

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Personal calls.
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PERSONAL STATIONERY, 200 sheets good bond paper with 100 envelopes to match, name, street, and town printed in blue, nicely boxed; \$1 cash with order. Rue Publishing Co., Denton, Md.

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SCHOOLS, hospitals, hotels, clubs, tea-rooms, welfare organizations, supplied with workers. Positions for secretaries, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. The Richards Bureau, 66 Barnes St., Providence.

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EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet, CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

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HOUSEHOLD economics graduate for working position, September-June, in small White Mt. inn. Must have cooking ability. A unique opportunity where educated assistants are desired and appreciated. Apply with full information, 6,259, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHERS, one for older girls, one for younger boys, in residential school in New York City, beginning September. Opportunity for cultured women to render service with salary a secondary consideration. Conditions ideal. Applicants state qualifications, including education, in first letter. Previous similar experience not essential. 6,251, Outlook.

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WILL Mrs. M. L. Burbank please write to Airle Farm, Bedford, N. Y., giving address.

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COMPANION-chaperon—Position desired by gentlewoman. References exchanged. 6,261, Outlook.

COMPANION or governess to young child in reliable Protestant home by refined young lady, college student. 6,253, Outlook.

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Other Situations Wanted and Miscellaneous Advertisements on next page

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MATRON wishes position institution or care small estate or inn. Experienced. 6,220, Outlook.

MATURE woman, experienced book-keeper, knowledge cost accounting, hotel work, desires position in hotel or institution where Christian character, ability, devotion to work required. Jessie Walker, 1760 Euclid St., Washington, D. C.

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POSITION as companion to elderly lady by clergyman's daughter. Exceptional references. 6,252, Outlook.

POSITION desired by young lady, Canadian, age 22, as companion or governess. Two years at finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland. Speaks and reads French; artistic; sings and plays piano. Protestant. Best references. Address "D. M.," P. O. Box 1165, Halifax, Can.

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USEFUL companion, governess, or assistant in the home. Competent. 6,253, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WILL some one interested give use of house with grounds, city or country, to open much needed home for old people? 6,221, Outlook.

COUPLE with daughter, age eleven, will board attractive, companionable child. All home and school advantages. Hudson River town, one hour New York. References given and required. 6,255, Outlook.

GIRL, nine to eleven years old, will receive exceptionally good care in home of refined, educated, Christian gentlewoman in western New York. Experienced teacher and tutor. Opportunity to attend near-by school, if preferred. References exchanged. 6,253, Outlook.

The best proof is the advertiser's testimonial

For instance, The Outlook's Classified Department has received this bit of evidence of satisfaction:

"I expect to use your columns as long as I live. Don't know what I would do without it—The Outlook. . . ."

Surely it can do as well for you. Why not ask us for rates and other specific information?

**Department of
Classified Advertising**
THE OUTLOOK

120 East 16th Street New York City

The Circle of Exchange

By BILL ADAMS

THERE was a funny thing happened on Bellah Street one time. It was sad too, in a way. I reckon that you don't find much humor without a hint of the tragic mixed up in it somewhere. No one got killed, or anything like that, and nobody's baby died; but it was sad just the same.

You'd pretty nearly have had to have lived on Bellah Street though to understand how such a thing could have happened. We never just knew. Anna Menbut herself didn't know, and of course it was the way that Anna talked English that did it. Anna couldn't read or write, either Swede or English. I've told you of Menbut, her man, before—the one who used to read the "Appeal to Reason" upside down, and always voted a straight Socialist ticket.

Menbut was a wonderfully patient old man, except that now and then he'd get a little peeved with Anna, who never could understand about American politics.

Well, anyway, it started when Menbut bought a horse, a harness, and a second-hand surrey.

After Menbut, with Anna, and "dat leeder boys" in the back seat, had been out a time or two he found that the horse was broken-winded. So he traded it for another. The second horse had the blind staggers, but not very badly.

By the time they'd driven about enough to have seen the country within a few miles of town (the second horse used to fall down now and then) Anna got to wanting a cow.

Menbut traded the horse for a cow; a very fair cow except that she was getting along in years and was minus one-quarter of her udder.

The man who took the horse didn't need a rig, so they used the surrey for winter kindling.

The war was over. Times were pretty good. Workingmen were saving money. Menbut was working every day.

The "leeder boys," all three of whom had been born in America, got to wanting an auto. Old Tom, the Eyetalian who lived near by, had got him a used car, and that made Menbut want one too. There was a lot of rivalry on Bellah Street. Folks looked down some on us because we didn't have a talking-machine. Some folks had a piano and a talking-machine. But we were the only folks who'd paid cash for a new car, and that gave us some standing.

Menbut traded the cow for a used

runabout. The man he got it from told him that it had only run 2,500 miles; but I found out its history from Ace Moser. It had run around 50,000. It was no use for me to tell Menbut, and I didn't.

"Dat leeder boys" had a lot of fun working on the plugs, timer, and points. The biggest of them was about sixteen, and smart; so that they'd sometimes get down as far as Portersville, eleven miles away, without a breakdown.

By and by there was a man on Sweetbriar Avenue, where the jail, the wood-yard, and the packing-houses were, who had a big touring car that he wanted to sell or trade. Ace Moser and Joe Southey, the bootleggers, lived on Sweetbriar, and the man with the big car lived between them.

Menbut had it all fixed up to trade for the big car. As well as the runabout, to which he had nailed a second-hand back seat, so that it also was now a touring car, he was giving the old surrey harness and \$25 that he had got saved.

On the day that the trade was to have come off the man with the big car drove Ace Moser to the county seat, where he was to stand trial; so that Menbut was put off till next day. Anna and "dat leeder boys" were very excited.

That night Anna came down with a bad toothache. She'd never been to a dentist in her life.

Menbut was a bit worried because it would take one of his \$25 to get the tooth pulled; but I said I'd lend him a dollar, and soon after he'd gone to work next morning Anna walked in to the dentist. She was a bit afraid, going alone; but Menbut couldn't lay off work to go along, and my missis was packing pomegranates at the Native Son packing-house.

When I came in from work early that afternoon Anna was sitting on their stoop crying. I went up to the Native Son and fetched my missis. We went over together. The "leeder boys" were there, the two youngest also crying. Anna put her arms round my missis and cried and cried. By and by, when we got her quieted down, she showed us her mouth. There must have been some sort of a misunderstanding at the dentist's. He had pulled every tooth in her head.

Ace Moser got ninety days. The man kept the big car. Menbut got Anna a set of new store teeth, and had five dollars left for gas for the old runabout.

In writing to the above advertisers, please mention The Outlook